THE SPEAKER

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THERE is deep depression on the Ministerial side, due in part to the dolorous tone of LORD HARTINGTON'S speech at Edinburgh, and in part to the Eccles election, from which the supporters of the Government have not yet recovered. We discuss elsewhere the reason and the probable effects of this feeling; it is only the fact of its existence which we notice here. Accompanying this almost open acknowledgment of impending defeat are many speculations as to the date of the General Election. Naturally enough the people who regard the dissolution of Parliament as the signal for the termination of their own political careers are anxious to stave off that event as long as possible. But day by day the conviction grows on all sides that Parliament is about to enter upon its last Session.

THIS conviction will not be weakened by MR. GLADSTONE'S last speech in the course of his Scotch tour. It was made on Thursday, on the English side of the Border, at Carlisle. The Liberal leader seemed anxious to point the moral of the many speeches he had made during the past fortnight. It is summed up in the one word "dissolution." Ministers, he contends, know that they are condemned by public opinion, and, that being the case, they have no right to cling to office by virtue of the Septennial Act. In support of this contention MR. GLADSTONE quoted, with great effect, certain words used by LORD SALISBURY in 1884. At that time the present Prime Minister believed—wrongly as it turned out—that the Liberal Ministry had lost the support of the country, and in very strong language he condemned the conduct of a Government which, in such circumstances, persisted in putting off the appeal to the nation. It is difficult to see in what manner LORD SALISBURY will meet this fatal quotation of his own words. It is true that MR. GOSCHEN, in his accustomed fashion, sneered on Thursday at the bye-elections as proofs of the way in which popular opinion is moving. But MR. GOSCHEN'S views regarding public opinion have never hitherto commanded the confidence of anybody, and they are certainly not shared by LORD SALISBURY. The fact is that a dissolution ought to have taken place last summer, when Ministers broke down so hopelessly in attempting to carry their Parliamentary programme. If they are wise they will face the ordeal of a General Election as soon, instead of as late, as possible.

THE reception of MR. DILLON and MR. O'BRIEN in New York seems to have been slightly marred by some mismanagement on board the steamer in which they crossed the Atlantic. The delegates cannot, however, complain of the warmth with which they have been received both by their fellow-countrymen in New York and by the representatives of the most important classes in the community. The absurd notion—scouted even by LORD HARTINGTON—that they are fugitives from justice, or that their conduct in leaving Ireland has been anything but unselfish and patriotic, is rejected by all classes in America. It is too soon as yet to speculate upon the financial prospects of their mission; but the delegates themselves speak in the most hopeful terms regarding them.

MEANWHILE there has been a momentary suspension of the dreary farce at the Tipperary Court House. The case for the prosecution is at an end; and an adjournment has been granted to enable that for the defence to be prepared. Unhappily, the week has not passed without some of the usual "scenes." The worst of these was occasioned by the conduct of the Crown counsel, MR. RONAN, who, for some purpose of his own, insisted upon interrupting the counsel for the defendants, despite the request of the magistrates that he would keep silence. He did not meet with the usual fate of those who defy a court of resident magistrates; but one of the defendants, MR. P. O'BRIEN, was less fortunate. MR. O'BRIEN was found in possession of a "detective camera," and MR. RONAN objected to his having it with him in court. Thereupon MR. O'BRIEN said he did not intend to photograph the witnesses. Immediately afterwards he asked a witness, who was under examination, whether he objected to being photographed, and on receiving a reply in the negative, at once photographed him. Of course MR. O'BRIEN'S conduct was inexcusable; and though nothing worse than a practical joke on his part was intended, it is impossible to pretend that he acted in a becoming manner. But what are we to say of the conduct of the magistrates, who, for this piece of folly, sentenced him to seven days' imprisonment? During the week MR. BALFOUR has paid a visit to Donegal, and has been received, upon the whole, with civility if not with positive cordiality by the people.

THE American elections have resulted in a great Democratic victory, and the result is attributed in the United States chiefly to popular dislike of the McKinley Tariff. If this interpretation may be trusted, the "object lesson" in Protection which MR. MCKINLEY provided for his fellow-countrymen has been learned with startling rapidity. In any event, the defeat of the Republicans must be gratifying to those who are anxious to see the downward progress of American political life retarded. The elections seem to make it probable that MR. CLEVELAND will return to the White House after the next Presidential election, and that the curious despotism of SPEAKER REED is now at an end. Incidentally, too, the fact that the McKinley Tariff has already justified the prophecies of its enemies must strengthen the hands of that despised class the political economists in their struggle with the "practical" politicians on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE crisis in Armenia seems to have entered on a more acute phase, judging by the manifesto published in the *Daily News* of Thursday. Convinced that nothing is to be hoped for from Western Europe, "that the Sultan is terrorised, and the Turkish Government has lost its head, the Alliance of Revolutionary Armenians announces that it has been resolved to combine all the centres inhabited by Armenians, to secure the political liberty of Turkish Armenia." By itself this announcement would not mean very much; but taken with the revulsion of feeling in Greece and the dispute between the Porte and the Greek Patriarch, it indicates the approach of serious trouble. The demonstrations of enthusiasm which have attended the admission of the new Greek Ministry

to office—all of them, save their Premier, new to Cabinet office, though the Minister of Marine, at least, is well known outside politics—indicate the possibility that M. DELYANNIS, despite himself, may be forced forward by his supporters. Now is the time to study the strategic value of Cyprus—of the internal condition of which under English administration a very depressing account is given by MR. HAMILTON LANG in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE discussions in the French Chamber on Tuesday and Thursday on the Foreign Office vote brought once more into prominence the feeling of the statesmen of France on the question of Egypt. M. RIBOT, attacked for having made needless concessions to England in connection with Zanzibar, defended himself by pointing to what the French Government had gained in Madagascar. To the reproach that he had not insisted upon raising the Egyptian question in connection with the negotiations with England, he replied that he was proud of having resisted the attempts made by LORD SALISBURY to import that question into the discussion. So far as Egypt is concerned, the position of France, it is clear, is unchanged. Whatever may be the real state of affairs in the Delta, the French Government clings resolutely to the undertakings which England has given with regard to the occupation, and will run no risk of allowing us a chance of receding from them. This is the plain meaning of M. RIBOT's words, and it is not altogether a pleasant meaning for English statesmen.

THE fall of the GILLIES Ministry at Melbourne, largely in consequence of the steps which were taken by the Executive in connection with the recent strike, has been followed by the formation of a new Government, of which MR. MONRO is the chief. Man for man the new Cabinet will hardly compare with the old, which contained among its members some of the very ablest men in Victoria. Whether it will command a majority in Parliament remains to be seen. Its appointment has taken place at the very moment at which the close of the great strike has been announced.

THE municipal elections of last Saturday are eminently satisfactory to the Liberals—the principal exceptions being Leeds, Carlisle, and Bradford. In Leeds, however, the defeat is probably due to the alleged incompetence of the Town Council in the gas-stokers' strike. The Liberal strength is increasing just where it is most wanted for Parliamentary purposes—at Norwich, Nottingham, Colchester, Plymouth, Warrington, Kidderminster, Boston, and Oxford. A Liberal replaces a Dissentient in the constituency of the Home Secretary, while in Manchester the Liberals gain a large majority of the new wards, and one seat in the old. In several Lancashire boroughs too, the Liberal gains are considerable; while the Conservative gains are mainly either in very small towns, or in boroughs where the Liberals are very strong—as at Bradford and Dewsbury—or else where, as at Windsor and Stockport, they are in a very decided minority. Where the Labour candidates separated from the Liberals, they made but a poor show—their heavy defeat at Newcastle-on-Tyne in particular seems to show that the possible defection of their supporters there will not cost MR. MORLEY many votes. Only in one case—in Birmingham—was a seat gained by a Liberal Unionist. Even the Conservative papers are constrained to admit the significance of these results.

THE London County Council have taken an important and most commendable step forward in the direction of municipal socialism. They have adopted the report of LORD COMPTON'S Committee on the Housing of the Poor, recommending that the Council should not only pull down a number of unhealthy houses in a notorious district in Bethnal Green, but should erect workmen's dwellings on the site, at an estimated cost of £300,000. Various attempts were made to delay, if not to prevent, the proposed action of the Council; but these were happily defeated, and the Council by a final vote of fifty-eight against thirty-four entered upon a course which must not only add enormously to its power of useful work, but may lead it towards a solution of some of the gravest social problems of our time.

SOME weeks ago SIR HENRY ROSCOE, in an interesting contribution to THE SPEAKER, dwelt upon the discovery by DR. KOCH of the microbe which is believed to be the cause of consumption. The discovery—the most important probably ever made in the domain of pathology—is now attracting great attention in Germany, and a society has been formed for the purpose of obtaining a monopoly in the production of "Anti-consumption lymph;" the object of the society is not entirely, nor even mainly selfish. It is designed to secure the purity of the lymph, and to prevent poor patients from being supplied with inferior, and therefore useless lymph. If we have at last found a remedy for the great scourge of civilised life, we may reasonably hope that an appreciable extension of the average longevity of the human race is well within our reach.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount. At the end of last week, however, they began borrowing in the outside market, and as at the same time gold as usual was being sent in considerable amounts to Scotland, rates sharply advanced. Some of the bill-brokers had to borrow at the Bank, being charged as much as 6 per cent., and the open market discount rate advanced to 5 per cent. On Tuesday, however, about half a million was paid from the Treasury to the County Councils, and the addition thus made to the supply in the market caused a slight fall in the value of money. There will be a quick recovery if the Bank Directors continue to borrow, for the Scotch drain will take between half a million and three-quarters of a million from London to Scotland, and the withdrawals for abroad somewhat exceed the receipts. Whether the Bank will have to raise its rate to 6 per cent. is yet uncertain. Should the foreign demand increase, they must do so. If it does not, they possibly may be able to avoid doing it. The price of silver during the week has fluctuated between 48⅜d. and 48⅝d. per ounce. The speculators in the United States are evidently overloaded, and they take advantage of every recovery to sell. Silver securities move with the price of silver.

AT the beginning of the week the Stock Markets were all decidedly stronger. A delegate from the Argentine Republic had put himself in communication with MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS, and the hope is entertained that he will be able to arrive at an arrangement that will restore order to the Argentine finances. In consequence there was a sharp rise in all Argentine securities, including Cedulas. The confidence of the Parisian operators maintains international prices, and even American railroad securities recovered somewhat. But on Wednesday afternoon these gave way again. There is much distrust still in New York. The result of the elections was apparently regarded as unfavourable, and seemingly, too, a great combination of railways in the North-West which is said to be about to take place under the influence of the VANDERBILT interest, had a depressing effect upon markets. Still the feeling on the Stock Exchange is better than it was. For the time being, at all events, alarmist rumours have ceased, and there is a disposition to believe that the worst is over.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE MINISTERIALISTS.

BY far the most notable sign of the times is the unconcealed depression which pervades all ranks of the supporters of the Ministry. Lord Hartington is never a very cheerful speaker; but in his speech at Edinburgh at the close of last week he seemed to be pronouncing a funeral oration over the high hopes which once inspired the whole body of the majority in the present House of Commons. It is true that subsequently at Greenock he endeavoured to show that his forebodings were not quite so gloomy as they had seemed; but his apologies and explanations only serve to make more clearly apparent his consciousness of the fact that defeat awaits the Tories and their Liberal allies when the next appeal is made to the country. And in this matter at least, Lord Hartington faithfully represents the sentiments of his party. The Eccles election has had an extraordinary effect upon them—an effect far exceeding anything which it has produced among the followers of Mr. Gladstone. The general result of the municipal elections has strengthened the impression made by the success of Mr. Roby, and it is now difficult, if not impossible, to find a single Ministerialist of average intelligence who is not ready to admit that Lord Salisbury must fall from power whenever the long-deferred appeal to the country is made. We are glad for their own sakes that the supporters of the Government are thus realising the truth. It is far better to be prepared for an inevitable defeat than to meet it when bolstered up by illusory hopes. That the tide has for years past been running steadily, and even strongly, in favour of the Liberal policy for Ireland is a fact to which no sensible man could be really blind. The by-elections have told their tale, and have told it with a clearness and certainty which make the attempts of some Ministerial journals to misinterpret the moral almost ludicrous. After four and a half years of Coercion, failure has fallen to the lot of the Coercionists. In this they have only shared the fate of their predecessors, whether Liberal or Tory, during a period of fourscore years. The experience gained since 1886 has confirmed the judgment of Mr. Gladstone and those Liberal statesmen who came to the conclusion five years ago that success on the old lines was impossible, and that a new departure must of necessity be made if we ever hoped to win the sympathies and confidence of the Irish people.

All this is what many of us from the first believed must come to pass. However laboriously statesmen may spin their rope of sand, a rope of sand it must remain, and those who trust to it will inevitably meet with bitter disappointment. It is not surprising, therefore, that throughout the country there should be this reaction in favour of the new and better way with Ireland; or this depression which seems to benumb the faculties of the supporters of the present Ministry. But another sign of the times is also becoming strikingly significant. This is the growth of a feeling of discontent within the Ministerial camp. In proof of the existence of this feeling we need only point to the remarkable article by Mr. Greenwood in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Greenwood is the ablest of the Conservative journalists; he has had large experience of affairs, and has a wide knowledge of men and things. In his exhortation to his fellow Tories he does not mince matters. Like everybody else, he foresees the imminent catastrophe; but he seems almost inclined to welcome it—and for what reason? Because when it overtakes the Coercionist host it will at once put an end to the unholy alliance between the Tories and their Liberal and Radical supporters. At present, according to Mr. Greenwood, Ministers are keeping themselves in office by the simple process of "dishing" their antagonists. A Government manned exclusively by Conservatives—for we can now call Mr. Goschen by no other name—is engaged in carrying Radical measures at the bidding of Lord Hartington and his imperious colleague Mr. Chamberlain. This is the charge which Mr. Greenwood makes against Ministers, and we may feel quite certain that it is a charge which is secretly echoed by thousands of other Tories. Looking to the not distant future, Mr. Greenwood sees questions surging up which in his opinion are still more important than the question of Home Rule, and he regards with unconcealed terror the possibility that these also may demand settlement whilst Lord Salisbury is in office, and the Dissentient Liberals are in power. So it is evident that along with the conviction of certain defeat, there is creeping into the breasts of not a few supporters of the Ministry a feeling that defeat after all will not be unwelcome. As for the other wing of the Coalition—the Liberal-Unionist wing—its fate is only too surely foreshadowed by all the portents of the hour. Whether it be at Parliamentary or at municipal elections, the Liberal-Unionist candidates are everywhere meeting with the doom of the weakest; and it is now abundantly evident that when the dissolution takes place, the Liberal-Unionist party will be practically extinguished.

It is in these circumstances that Ministers and their supporters are about to enter upon that which will practically be the last Session of the present Parliament. When we remember that it will be a Session bristling with difficulties of every kind, and that Ministers, if they wish to escape an ignominious defeat in their own House of Commons, will have to confine their attention to questions which have already been before the House, and on which it has already been proved that there is the widest diversity of opinion even in the Ministerial ranks, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that their position is a desperate one. Dispirited, weakened, and with a secret feud raging in their midst, they must go forth to settle the Land Question, the Tithes Question, and Free Education. How are they going to "square the circle" on any one of these difficult problems? How can they hope to satisfy at the same time Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Greenwood, the Radical Coercionists of Birmingham and the old Tories of the Carlton Club? We must remember that their *prestige* is now gone; that Mr. Balfour's hopeless failure at Dublin Castle—a failure which he cannot possibly redeem by his belated yielding to the advice both of friends and foes—has destroyed the charm which the Ministerialists once found in the name of the Union, and that, so far as the main issue on which this Parliament came into existence, and on which it must again take the verdict of the country, is concerned, defeat is inevitable. If they fight at all, they will fight like men in a sinking ship, and they will fight under a divided leadership. It is said that, despite everything, Lord Salisbury means to hold on to office for the fullest term permitted by the law. Next Session, we are told, may be the last "fighting Session" of the present Parliament, but after that will come another, during which, at all events, the sweets of patronage and the emoluments of office will still remain with the present Government. We shall see whether this forecast is realised or not. For our part we do not think so badly of Lord Salisbury as to believe that he will try to carry out so craven a programme. But whether or not we are mistaken on this point, we are at least quite sure that if he were to make the attempt he would fail disastrously. Mr. Gladstone's speech at Carlisle on

Thursday ought to give some cause for serious reflection to those who cling to the hope that by means of the Septennial Act Ministers may evade their inevitable reckoning with the country for a couple of years longer. It is clear that if they do so they will be guilty, by the showing of Lord Salisbury himself, of deliberately doing violence to the Constitution. A Parliamentary usurpation, it must be borne in mind, is just as hateful and revolutionary in its character as a personal usurpation. Indeed, the only difference between the two things is that the former must necessarily be short-lived, and must bring about its own punishment with something like absolute certainty. The longer the General Election is delayed, the more crushing will be the Tory defeat. As for the depression which now hangs like a dark cloud over the minds of the Ministerialists, it not only foreshadows their doom, but must help to bring it to pass.

THE DAWN OF FREE TRADE IN AMERICA.

THE reaction against Protection in the United States showed itself in the General Elections which took place this week. Hardly has the McKinley Tariff Act been put in operation than it is condemned. The tariff reform party have scored a great triumph, to be followed up at the next year's Presidential election by the complete overthrow of Protection. Mr. McKinley, the author of the new high tariff, and the representative of a corrupt administration, although his candidature was supported by Mr. Blaine, has fallen in the general rout. The significance of the Democratic victory is not confined to the tariff question. It means the dawn of Free Trade, but more than that; it stays the growth of political corruption, and is a blow at the gigantic capitalist combinations which have endangered commercial freedom within the Republic, and imperilled political liberty.

The recent elections were for the renewal of the House of Representatives, except in a few States where elections had already taken place. The House consists of 332 members, elected for two years, and at present has a large working Republican majority at the beck of a Protectionist President and Senate. In the new House, which meets in March next, the Democrats will have a majority variously estimated at the time of writing at from ninety to a hundred and fifty. The schemes which the party now in office were concocting for the "gerrymandering" of the constituencies and the maintenance of Protection are therefore doomed. The elections of State Legislatures which have taken place show the same spirit of revolt against the Protectionist *régime*. The Democrats have captured the Protectionist strongholds in the oldest States. The ancient commonwealth of Massachusetts, which used to be solidly Republican, and was expected to follow the example of its neighbour Maine (which two months ago endorsed the Harrison Administration), has elected a Democrat—Mr. Russell—as Governor. Two years ago Mr. Russell was defeated by a majority of 6,000. More significant still is the conquest of Pennsylvania, the fatherland of Trusts and the citadel of Protection. And the defeat of the Protectionist candidate for the Governorship of that State means a great deal more than a Democratic victory. Here the contest turned largely on a question of political corruption. The Protectionist candidate was the tool and nominee of Senator, or "Boss," Quay. Quay is the "Boss" King, or the King "Boss," of the United States. He is the power behind the President. Quay was chairman of Harrison's campaign committee. Quay it was who distributed the money which the manufacturers put into the election. Quay appointed several ministers. Quay adjusted the tariff to repay the capitalists who gave his party office. For the last six months he has been spoken of in the newspapers as a thief and an embezzler. He has been charged with plundering the State Treasury of Pennsylvania, when treasurer, to the extent of 300,000 dollars, and he has not dared to contradict the charge. Two weeks ago *Harper's Weekly* epitomised the opinion of all good citizens, when it said that "the victory of Quay in Pennsylvania would be a result of which honest men and patriots would be ashamed, and it would reveal more plainly the most serious danger that confronts us."

The defeat of Quay is the defeat of "Bossdom" and "Boodledom"—the most corrupting influences in American politics—and is also a blow at Quay's confederate, Blaine. The importance of the Democratic majorities in the States Legislatures—as distinct from the election of Representatives to Congress—lies in the fact that these assemblies chose the Senators. The Senate, the members of which are elected for six years, has now a majority of Protectionists, but its complexion will be changed in the course of three years.

Where the reform party have not actually captured the States, they have weakened their enemies' position. The victory has been general. New York State, the largest in the Union, and the pivotal State in Presidential elections, becomes Democratic; so does Rhode Island, the smallest. The oldest States have been won, and the agricultural States in the West have thrown over their allegiance to the Republicans. Protection has hitherto depended very largely for support from the farmers, who never gained anything from it. Now their eyes are being opened, and the Farmers' Alliance has become a power in the West, and elected the Governor of Kansas. One of the members chosen by the State of Connecticut is Mr. David A. Wells, the well-known economist and Free Trader. For the first time the nucleus of a real Free Trade party will appear in Congress.

The only blot on the brilliancy of the general triumph is the Tammany victory in New York city. The State has re-elected Governor Hill, who not only represents Tammany Hall and the worst elements of the Democratic party, but threatens to "run" against Mr. Cleveland for the presidency. New York city made a great effort this year to get free from the ring of professional politicians who rule it, and whose main interest in municipal affairs is "boodle." A People's League was established; a State Commission has exposed gross corruption and malversation of the public money; all the principal newspapers, led by Mr. Godkin of the *Evening Post*, have for months past conducted a campaign against Tammany's domination, but the Tammany "ticket" has come out "on top," *quand même*. This is the result of the excellent working of the Tammany "machine," and the loose organisation of the allied forces arrayed against it. The result is not encouraging for the prospects of pure municipal government in America, but it does not diminish the chances of tariff reform. It was the wave of Democratic triumphs which swept over the country that carried the Tammany "ticket." The verdict of the nation is for freer, if not for free, trade, and signalises the dawn of a better era. Until the Senate can be purged of its Protectionist millionaires, and a new President chosen, little progress can be made, as the two Houses will be in conflict. This year's elections, however, point to the victory of a tariff reformer in the Presidential contest next year, and then the real struggle with the Senate will begin.

MR. GLADSTONE AND "THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH."

RICHESSE oblige; Dives is going to have his house set in order, if he does not act upon this maxim. Let those who doubt it read in the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Gladstone's sermon, for such it really is, on Mr. Carnegie's "Gospel of Wealth." The millionaire ironmaster, alive to the responsibilities of wealth, has been throwing out bold, revolutionary proposals, creditable to him and alarming to some of his class, respecting its duties. The statesman restates them with greater precision and eloquence; and at no distant date they may be formulated, if not in legislation, in the accepted code of morals. To Dives have always been open three courses: he might found a family, and leave his fortune to his children; he might bequeath it at his death to charitable purposes; or in his lifetime he might, in Mr. Carnegie's phraseology, "administer"—that is, wisely spend it. The first is often mischievous, especially to the recipients; and it is likely to grow rarer if only because it is connected with a system growing weaker and weaker; Vanity is as strong as ever; but the *patria potestas*, with its correlative obligation to transmit the paternal property in bulk to the children, is not altogether what it was. It seems strange to say so with the contents of Lord Carnarvon's will—the very type of an English nobleman's family arrangements—present to every mind. None the less is it true that the system of which such wills are a necessary part is breaking up. The second course is often an ostentatious blunder. So-called "munificent bequests" originate as frequently in vanity as in virtue, and it is an accident if time does not soon defeat the objects of the donor. We all recollect how, in 1863, in Mr. Gladstone's famous speech on the taxing of charities, he gave expression to opinions, familiar to readers of Turgot and John Stuart Mill, but then novel and startling to most Englishmen, about the abuses which passed unchallenged under the name of "charities." He has not changed his opinion. He protests emphatically against the tradition that indiscriminately assigns to posthumous dispositions of property a halo of virtue to which they are not entitled, and he has even a lower idea of their utility than he had then. Conceive a meeting of millionaires, *ex relatione Luciani*, in the Elysian Fields; what grumbling and lamentation there would be! Millionaire A. to Millionaire B.: "See how your nephew is making your guineas fly at Newmarket." Millionaire B. to Millionaire A.: "And look what a nest of abuses your almshouses have become." Mr. Carnegie thinks that the third course is least objectionable, and in the main Mr. Gladstone agrees with him. The latter, indeed, appends a characteristic reservation. He pleads for continuity in family life and for the blessings which come when children walk in the footsteps of their forefathers. "We have in 1890 a Prime Minister whose ancestors were similarly engaged, to the great benefit of England, ten generations ago. Is not this good? Is not this tie of lineage a link tying him to honour and to public virtue? Does not such a relation tend to quicken the stings of conscience while it lives, or when it awakes, for those who wander into evil ways?" And so Mr. Gladstone would fain preserve among merchants, bankers, and publishers "the hereditary transmission of wealth and position in conjunction with the calls of occupation and responsibility." These, however, are minor reservations. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Carnegie say to Dives, "Use your wealth freely in your lifetime; above all, do not shirk your responsibilities in the belief that you will set all right by an act of posthumous virtue."

The matter is of ever-growing consequence. There was a time when public opinion could control the possessor of wealth. If an owner of landed property, he could scarcely escape onerous social duties. It was neighbourly; it was "good form;" it was part of the price paid for social status. *Noblesse oblige*—and the squire was a curmudgeon if he forgot it. Times are changed. Mr. Gladstone points out the prodigious increase of the mass of what he aptly terms "irresponsible wealth"—that is, "wealth little watched and checked by opinion, little brought into immediate contact with duty." What is the present income from land, the type of "responsible wealth," compared to that derived from other sources? What will it be a quarter of a century hence if it continue to dwindle relatively as it has done of late? Never before in the history of the world did the greater part of its produce go to people who may, unchallenged, spend it as they like. If Mr. Vanderbilt derived his wealth from acres of which he was manifestly the owner, his power would be much contracted; in point of fact, he could not do with his own as he liked. Deriving his prodigious income from interest in great lines of railway, he may really do with it as he pleases. He might spend it all in gambling, and there would be people ready to say to those who criticised his conduct, "Why not?" While wealth increases in the hands of a favoured few, their responsibility steadily decreases. It is a serious peril of the future, and Mr. Gladstone's article is a note of warning.

A few generous men of the stamp of Mr. Carnegie are alive to their unnatural position; they would cheerfully accept new responsibilities. But what is to be done with the majority, who give little in their lifetime, and trust to make amends, if they ever think of the matter, by posthumous benevolence? Society must know its own mind as to what it desires of the rich. It is not enough to talk scornfully of the vulgar corrupting ostentation of *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches*. What would you have them do? We cannot require, as did the Athenian democracy, the rich to perform for the community certain definite *leitourgiai;* we cannot ask the Duke of Westminster or Colonel North to build an ironclad or raise a regiment. But Society may select certain public objects which the State cannot well undertake, and may say to its most favoured members, "Here are hospitals in great difficulties. Here at your right hand is positive want and suffering, and here at your left hand is a denial of all that makes life sunny, gracious, and good. To relieve all this, let there be, on your part, proportionate giving, benevolence commensurate with your income." To what our ancestors conceived to be public objects they devoted the tithes—that is, the tenth of the gross produce, which, as Mr. Gladstone observes, may be put at a fifth of the net. What would be the liberality of the wealthy—*i.e.*, for present purposes, the income-tax payers—in these days, with an aggregate income which may be roughly put at seven hundred millions, if a similar proportion were now devoted to public purposes?

From his criticisms Mr. Gladstone draws no inference in favour of constraining the wealthy to do good. He trusts to moral suasion—the action of the conscience in its own forum. All his readers do not speak under his sense of responsibility, and they will not be satisfied with this; and, indeed, if he and Mr. Carnegie are right—as in the main we believe them to be—the case has been strengthened for changes manifestly impending. For exempting from taxation hospitals or educational establishments of unquestioned utility there may be

reasons; for imposing peculiar burdens on other so-called "charities"—often mischievous, and when not clearly so, of doubtful advantage—there are good grounds. In the second place, the existing death duties are no adequate contribution to the State in the case of the transmission of vast sums to private persons. Whether the State should, as Mr. Carnegie thinks, take in any case a moiety, we do not say; but we are certain that the present rates of duties are altogether insufficient, and their revision in a bold spirit will be among the first duties of a Liberal Administration.

THE FUTURE OF GREECE.

LAST Sunday week *scrutin de liste*, for once, partially realised the hopes of its inventors. It did not, indeed, return a compact and workable majority, but it expressed the mind of the Greek electorate on the policy of its Government. M. Tricoupis came into power in 1887 with about a hundred supporters in a Chamber of one hundred and fifty. The recent elections have left him, at most, fifty. It is true that his opponents are divided into two bitterly hostile sections. But as the twenty members who follow M. Rhallis separated from M. Tricoupis precisely on his foreign policy, they may fairly be added to the eighty or more who form the party of M. Delyannis, as ready to support a forward movement whenever the moment shall be opportune. No doubt pacific assurances have been given by the new Premier; and, no doubt, also the heavy taxation to which Greece is necessarily subject—a taxation not indeed so great relatively to the population as that of France or Italy, but quite as burdensome relatively to the national resources—has contributed to some extent to the downfall of his rival. But still the fact remains that—despite M. Tricoupis' concessions to anti-Turkish feeling, despite his emphatic support of the Greek Patriarch against the Porte, and the warlike speech for which explanations were about to be demanded from Constantinople—he has had to give place to a politician who brought Greece to the verge of war and of bankruptcy in 1886, and who, however much he may have been sobered by the events of that year, may be forced forward, in spite of himself, by public opinion, as soon as Pan-Hellenic feeling is again excited by events in Crete, or Bulgaria.

Nor is this wonderful. The reaction against M. Delyannis in 1887 was due to *force majeure*—applied by the fleets of the great Powers—rather than to his own conduct. Since then the chances of Greece have considerably improved. Its bonds, even at this moment, are worth, roughly, half as much again as they were in 1886. The Turkish Empire is three years older, and in a more than proportionately advanced stage of decrepitude. On paper the Turkish navy looks formidable, and the Greek trifling. But Greece has three new ironclads all but ready for sea; and even though their condition is stated to be unsatisfactory, they can hardly fail to be a match for a fleet which has acquired only one new ironclad since 1884, and is probably in an even more advanced stage of disorganisation than the Turkish army. If Turkey is likely to be helped by adventurers from abroad, so is Greece; and the latter has thirty thousand sailors or more, in the mercantile marine of the world. There is no Hobart Pacha now, as in 1866 and 1876, to stop blockade-running into Crete, or to threaten to lay Athens in ashes. The aid of Greeks from outside Greece would be far more effective in a great war than in the mismanaged Cretan insurrection of 1866. The eighty thousand men whom Greece sent to the Turkish frontier in 1886 were not exactly soldierlike in appearance; but then, neither were the Federal troops at the outbreak of the American War of Secession. The long inactivity of the Greek army then was due largely to the inundations in Thessaly, and to the resulting sickness which, on the average, sent every soldier into hospital twice. The country districts of Greece furnish material for a corps not inferior in dash, strength, and endurance, to the Bersaglieri of Italy. Turkey may have six or eight times as many troops, but they cannot be concentrated; without financial assistance from abroad they can hardly even be maintained. The electoral returns seem to indicate that the most exposed districts of Greece are quite ready to make the sacrifices which a war would entail. Though M. Delyannis is largely supported in his native Peloponnesus, which is safe enough except from occasional and futile descents on its coasts, yet the Cyclades, the first part of Greece that would feel a Turkish war, have declared for him; so also have Phokis and Actolia, which would be exposed at once to the chances of irregular warfare and brigandage. The Greek electorate is one of the most intelligent in Europe, and is quite aware what a Turkish war would mean. But it has been excited almost beyond endurance by the Cretan insurrection; it knows how the Turks rule in Macedonia, and how rapidly Thessaly has risen since its liberation. Even the Turkish town *par excellence*, Larissa, with its twenty-six minarets, has increased in population since the Turk gave place to the Greek. And it is clear that the Greeks of Macedonia may be lost to Hellenism when the time comes to divide the inheritance of the Turk. The appointment of Bulgarian bishops for that country means that, wherever Greeks are in a minority, their children will have to attend Bulgarian schools—will lose their language, and with it their nationality. The Armenian troubles, the immigration of Circassians into Asia Minor, the certainty of support from Servia, and Montenegro, and indirectly from Russia, have all helped to increase the impatience of Greek politicians—an impatience which has found a striking expression in the hissing of the Metropolitan of Athens in the streets for his support of M. Tricoupis.

The modern Greeks, like the ancient, are often charged with overmuch political activity and neglect of productive labour. Their critics forget that even in antiquity Hellenic wealth and civilisation was due only in a very small degree to the country comprised in the modern kingdom. The resources of Athens, apart from her mines, were based on the tribute of the Ægean and Asiatic cities. The modern nation hardly had a fair chance till the revolution of 1863. Her resources are apt to be underrated by the tourists who glance at the barren mountains of Attica, and perhaps visit Eleusis and Mycenæ. But there are plenty of fertile tracts in the interior, relatively small, but often exceptionally rich; the forests have not all met with the fate of those on Parnes and Pentelicus; the marshes round Lake Copais in Bœotia and elsewhere are being gradually reclaimed, and though the educated Greek (like the educated countrymen everywhere else) may desert agriculture, half the population are engaged in it, and the number is increasing. Roads were rare even ten years ago; now there are two thousand miles open. Railways are rapidly extending, and a network of narrow gauge lines will soon bring the surplus produce to the sea. But, whatever may be done, the area of Greece is not large enough for the abilities of her population—and that is only one-fourth of the Hellenic race. Epirus and the Greek districts of Macedonia are still unredeemed. The islands of the Ægean—far more advanced in antiquity than most of the continent

—would probably be the first spoils of a war with Turkey, unless the Turkish navy exhibits an energy which it is not at all likely to develop. Can it be wondered at that men for whom there is no adequate opening at home, and who know the results of the acquisition of Thessaly, are ready for a forward policy?

The fall of M. Tricoupis may very likely have checked this policy for a time by drawing upon Greece the attention of Europe and spoiling the warlike plans imputed to him. But it can only be for a time. Greece, if she is wise, will not break the peace. M. Delyannis has represented his country at Paris and Berlin, and knows better now than to act in a hurry. But any day the Eastern crisis may become acute. Then, when Turkey is otherwise engaged, Greece will act—assured of the moral support of France, and probably of more substantial aid from Russia. That she will succeed, if the Powers will let her alone, we can hardly doubt. What may happen afterwards is beyond prediction. Greece and Russia must eventually come into collision. It is the interest of Western Europe to raise up small compact States in Eastern Europe, and to ensure that they shall keep the peace among themselves. And this, it is to be hoped, will be the policy of the strong Liberal Ministry which we shall have after the next general election. For a time Greece must wait; but she will not wait in vain.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THERE is clearly cause for satisfaction in the decided preponderance of Liberal successes which is to be found in the municipal returns. Victories like those won at Barnsley and at Manchester, at Nottingham and at Walsall, after a sharp contest conducted on political lines, cannot be denied a certain importance as illustrating the political feeling of those places; and on the other side the Conservative party can hardly be grudged the local jubilation which attended the success of their efforts at Wolverhampton and Leeds. But taking the elections as a whole, and admitting the gratifying fact that the Liberal gains as compared with the Conservative stand at about three to two, we are not, we confess, among the political prophets who attach to these results an exaggerated importance. It is quite impossible to argue with certainty from a municipal to a Parliamentary election. Local interests, temporary questions, personal characteristics, which in a Parliamentary contest are relegated to a second place—at any rate, until the Tory newspapers call them from their retirement to explain a "Unionist" collapse—stand in the forefront of municipal conflicts. For instance, we are not disposed to reason that because the Conservatives gained a seat at Gloucester, where the battle is stated to have been fought on purely local topics, or lost three seats at Liverpool, where temperance votes and local interests swayed the fortunes of the day, Liberals at Gloucester and in Liverpool have cause for chagrin or delight. Nor do we think that Sir Wilfrid Lawson's seat is threatened by the addition of three Tory Councillors to the governing body of the burghers of Carlisle. In one case, at Haverfordwest, the Conservatives gained a seat, though there was no contest. At another place, Worthing, a fight on non-political issues resulted, oddly enough, in the election of an equal number of Councillors from both sides. At Monmouth the battle of the town-constitution raged round the question of the market-day. Nothing is more notable than the number of cases in which an argument hastily deduced from the result of municipal contests is subsequently proved by a Parliamentary election to have been entirely wrong. Only a few months before the General Election of 1880, when Mr. Gladstone was returned for Leeds by one of the biggest majorities ever recorded in an English election, the Liberal candidates for the Leeds Town Council had, owing to local causes, been beaten hip and thigh.

The real interest of the Municipal Elections lies less in the direct Liberal successes than in the side lights which they throw upon affairs. First of all, they point, like every phase of contemporary history, to the fusion of Liberal Unionism with Conservatism, against which poor Mr. Courtney vainly fights alone. The two names have become indistinguishable, and any defender of the Empire's integrity may call himself, with a clear conscience, whichever he prefers. At Bournemouth, for instance, a constituency which at present is represented by a downright Tory, who has never called himself anything else, the contest was fought on party lines, and the Tories gained the day; but not a single Tory is returned. For some reason which it requires local intelligence to explain, all the Tory candidates came out this time as "Liberal Unionists." And then—a more important topic—the elections illustrate indirectly the position of the Labour party. In several cases Labour candidates came forward. Sometimes they held aloof from politics, and as aggressive champions of labour attacked Conservatives and Liberals alike. Sometimes they acted cordially with the Liberal candidates, and united the claims of labour with those of the Liberal party. It is very significant and very satisfactory to notice that in the former case the Labour candidates almost invariably failed, and that in the latter case they uniformly succeeded. At Cardiff, at King's Lynn, and at Walsall, the Labour candidates were Liberals, who worked cordially with the Liberal party, and thus secured an easy victory. At Bolton, on the other hand, at Carlisle, at Newcastle, and at Southampton, the Labour candidates represented rather that aggressive section which refuses to work except on its own too narrow lines, and with its own too highly sharpened weapons; and in each case they were signally defeated. At Bolton, out of six Labour candidates, not one was returned. At Southampton two of them were badly beaten. At Carlisle one of them, by diverting Liberal votes, gave away a Liberal seat to a Conservative; but at Newcastle their defeat was more significant still. At Newcastle the representatives of the "Labour party" have of late rendered themselves conspicuous by their somewhat overbearing advocacy of Socialist ideas, and by their impatience of those wiser men who, like their own distinguished representative, seek rather to forward by Liberal methods the advance of that Municipal Socialism which offers the most gradual and easy means of applying Socialist principles within reasonable limits, and on a possible scale. The crushing defeat sustained by the Labour candidates at Newcastle, and especially by the most persistent and least placable of Mr. Morley's critics there, is therefore a satisfaction to those who hope to see many Socialist ideals translated into Liberal practice, but who realise that if they are to be successful, they must be advocated with moderation, loyalty, and temper, and that their success depends, not on splitting up into mutually distrustful factions the forces which make for popular reform, but rather in concentrating those forces under one flag, organising them into one army, and guiding them, with calm reliance on their leaders, to a common end. We shall not regret a few Liberal defeats here and there in the municipal contests if they teach all sections of the party the need for union on social questions.

DÖLLINGER'S HISTORICAL WORK.

LORD ACTON has contributed to the current number of the *Historical Review* an exhaustive essay on "Döllinger's Historical Work." It is no mere *éloge* by a friend and disciple, but a critical estimate, remarkable for its learning and insight—subtle, judicial, discriminative—of one scholar by another. The works are read in the light of the author's mental history and characteristics; and his personal history is seen but to express the growth of his mind. The Vatican Council and its decrees were only the occasion of his breach with Rome; its cause was deeper and older, was due to the qualities that made him an open-minded historian, earnestly seeking the truth of history, and honestly standing by the truth he found. The essay is so full that it needs a full man to read it; but by him who reads it with understanding, it will be found as full of true criticism and profound reflection as of bright epigram and happy allusion. Here are a few of its weighty sentences:—"To an Innsbruck professor, lamenting that there was no philosophy which he could heartily adopt, he replied that philosophies do not subsist in order to be adopted." "He deemed it Catholic to take ideas from history, and heresy to take them into it." "He felt that sincere history was the royal road to religious union, and he specially cultivated those who saw both sides." "Döllinger judged that the prerogative even of natural wisdom was often wanting in the government of the Church; and the sense of personal attachment, if he ever entertained it, had worn away in the friction and familiarity of centuries." "He claimed no immunity for philosophy; but history, he affirmed, left to itself, and pursued disinterestedly, will heal the ills it causes; and it was said of him that he set the university in the place of the hierarchy." The final estimate of the man and his work contains these weighty and significant sentences:—"Throughout the measureless distance which he traversed, his movement was against his wishes, in pursuit of no purpose, in obedience to no theory, under no attraction but historical research alone. It was given to him to form his philosophy of history on the largest induction ever available to mortal man; and whilst he owed more to divinity than any other historian, he owed more to history than any other divine." It were hard to write a nobler epitaph, impossible to ascribe to a scholar a more ideal character. If a disciple can so write of his master, the master must indeed have been a hero to the disciple.

There is much and interesting incidental light shed on the men and influences that shaped his early life. Romanticism developed his historical sense without perverting his imagination; his love of reality saved him from falling a victim to its seductive idealism. The theocratic Ultramontanism, evoked in the reaction against the revolution, had a more determinative influence on his mind—indeed, affected him so much that he had for long—and even in a degree to the end—only an imperfect sympathy with the later democratic Ultramontanes. Baader initiated him into the knowledge rather than the love of mysticism, and encouraged his earliest literary efforts. There is an interesting review by Baader of Döllinger's early work, written while he was at Aschaffenburg, on the Eucharist, and it is remarkable for the way in which he emphasises, as the cardinal principle of the book, the position that a doctrine to be genuinely apostolic must be in every material respect extant in the first centuries and maintained in the later unfalsified and unchanged. Moehler also appears as first a friend and then a colleague, a singular contrast and complement to Döllinger. The one was a typical theologian, the other a typical historian. Moehler was sensitive to the speculative tendencies then so active in Germany, and not least in his own Tübingen. Philosophy was his primary interest, history his secondary. Doctrine and fact were alike read by him in the light of the new speculative ideas. Nor was he satisfied with the scholars and teachers of his own Church. He studied under Planck at Göttingen, and at Berlin while Schleiermacher, Neander, and Marheinecke were active there. The result was not only the public address to Planck in praise of the Protestant treatment of history—and to one who has studied the *Geschichte der Protest. Theologie* any eulogy must seem a wonderful thing—which, as Lord Acton notices, Döllinger omitted from his edition of Moehler's Miscellaneous Essays; but two still more significant reviews which had appeared in the *Theol. Quartalschrift* for 1824 and 1825, and which Döllinger also omitted as being unripe, dealing, among other things, in a spirit of most unwonted freedom with the use of the cup in the Eucharist, and the retention of the Latin tongue. These early experiences gave Moehler a truer conception of Protestantism than Döllinger started with, or, perhaps, ever possessed. It remained to him more a matter of books than of men, of literary analysis than of personal experience; and while his attitude to Luther is admirably stated by Lord Acton—"he would not have the most powerful conductor of religion that Christianity has known in eighteen centuries condemned for two pages in a hundred volumes"—yet his defective apprehension of the Reformation is implicitly contained in the statement—"revolution, as the breach of continuity, as the renunciation of history, was odious to him." But to a deeper philosophy revolution is never "a breach of continuity," and reformation is rather the fulfilment of history than its renunciation. Great events do not spring from trivial causes, unless, indeed, in the eyes of the trivial; and the scholar that seeks the cause of change will discover amid revolution the continuity of history.

One of the points in Döllinger's mind which Lord Acton most strongly emphasises is his distrust of philosophy. This is made to appear in a variety of forms. To be of a particular school was to be "as a captive, or a one-armed combatant." Systems he disliked, but "the unstrung pearls" of the more miscellaneous thinkers he loved. Hegel was to him "the strongest of all the enemies of religion," and his favourite philosophers are for the most part curiously averse to systematising. But while this brings out his love of sobriety and reality, it also indicates a serious defect. He tended to undervalue both the force and the worth of the intellectual and ideal in history. "His innermost thought" was "that the ethical quality of dogma constitutes its value," but to possess this "ethical quality," it must be living and real to the intellect. "As a historian, he regarded Christianity as a force more than as a doctrine;" but upon its doctrine most of its being as a force has depended. This defective appreciation of philosophy showed itself in various ways. The briefest and sketchiest chapters in his "Vorhalle" are those concerned with philosophy; he does not develop its significance either for heathenism or Christianity. For the same reason he dealt lightly with the early heresies; he understood their part in the elaboration of polity better than in the formation of doctrine. There was a sort of latent Agnosticism in him—a point he had in common with the late Albert Ritschl. Another point characteristic of both was their attitude to the Lutheran doctrine of justification. Döllinger thoroughly understood its place in the system, but he never understood the doctrine. He rightly valued the emphasis laid upon it, but he never discovered its ethical quality, or conceived it as it really was to the men who believed it. There was truth in the striking remark of Goerres, because it touched this fundamental defect of Döllinger's mind, "I always see analogies, and you always see differences." The happiest combination is when a man sees both.

But whatever his limitations, he stands as the ideal scholar of our century, and the more he fulfilled the ideal the more he exercised a beneficent and healing influence. There was truth in the

criticism that "he set the university in place of the hierarchy," and indeed in the long run the professor is always mightier than the bishop. The chair divided him from the church, but it made him the teacher of all the churches; and secure in the love and reverence of all, he is independent of the praise or blame of any, all the more Catholic that he ceased to be of a special Catholicism.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CRITICS.

THE publication of General Booth's book, the notice in the newspapers of a fashionable marriage, and the details of the Hampstead murder, formed the starting-point of three different articles in three of the weekly reviews of last Saturday. Each of these articles dealt more or less closely with the democracy. The *Saturday Review* has maintained a perfectly consistent attitude towards the Salvation Army; it has pointed out, quite truly, that the taste shown by the Army is distinctly bad; its denunciations of the Army's irreverence have not been stronger than might have been expected from the organ of the High Church party, although intentional irreverence has never been proved; to the noise which disturbs quiet people, and to the blocking of thoroughfares, it very properly objects. It has not taken the whole question very seriously, and its flippancy has sometimes appeared to be assumed. Last Saturday, however, there was a slight change of tone, and rather more than a column was devoted to a consideration of General Booth's new plan. General Booth is still "General" Booth to the *Saturday Review*, but his book is met with criticism of a sort, and not with a few stale sneers. Two main points are urged: first, that General Booth's scheme will conflict with many excellent schemes now in working order; secondly, that it is "too big to be practicable, too complex to be worked under one head and centre." In what way General Booth's scheme will conflict with any other is not mentioned; the wonderful talent for organisation which he has shown in the past, and which makes such conflict improbable, is apparently forgotten; but the most complete answer to the first objection of the *Saturday Review* lies in the fact that the *Saturday Review* in this same article allows that the need is very great. If we have so many excellent schemes, all in such excellent working order, why is the work not done? Why have we still got the destitute millions before us? The second objection is one which might have been made many years ago to a perfectly accurate forecast of the future of the Salvation Army, had such a forecast ever been written. Seeing from what the Salvation Army has grown, and to what it has grown, we are extremely reluctant to denounce any scheme seriously and carefully elaborated by its leader, as being "too big to be practicable." We must remember who will be the "one head and centre" of the scheme. There are many weak points in General Booth: he is only human. But he is an earnest man; he has proved his talent for organisation; he has proved his capacity for winning the sympathies of the masses. We would say nothing against gentleness, and quiet, and culture. We hope to attain them in the end. It is a pretty work to prune the vine, a beautiful thing to let in the sunlight on the fruit, and to watch the perfection of bloom, and shape, and colour; but first of all something has to be done at the roots, something at which we may hold our noses, but which is, for all that, requisite.

We have not the patience to deal at any great length with the inaccuracies or the want of decent feeling which marked an article in the *Scots Observer* for last week, entitled "The Simple Annals of the Poor." It commenced with a description of the democracy, supposed to be commonly given by "Radical journalists and orators." Such a description has never, to our knowledge, been given by any reputable journalist or orator, Radical or otherwise. But one would have thought that, after setting up such a dummy, it would have been easy for the writer to bowl it over, without having recourse to unfair methods. To generalise from a special instance is a very poor trick. In this case the writer generalises from the state of immorality disclosed by the preliminary inquiries into the Hampstead murder. An answer on the same lines would be very easy indeed. But it is not so much the logical futility of it which makes this article so peculiarly contemptible; it is rather the fact that the author shuts out the greater portion of humanity from his sympathies. If this article may be taken to represent the voice of the Tory party to-day, then the Tory party are saying: "We hate and despise the poorer classes. We hate and despise all who listen to them and try to help them." This piece of brutality should not be forgotten by electors.

An interesting article in last week's *Spectator*, entitled "Fashion and Democracy," blames the democracy for being dull and unable to amuse itself, for reading the fashionable intelligence in the newspapers, and gazing with stupid admiration at the entertainments of the rich. Now the democracy has not generally been found, by those who have lived among the poor and known them, to be at all dull by nature. Circumstances may sometimes make the poor dull, and may sometimes make them vicious. But the labouring classes are not the criminal classes, nor is the democracy at all wanting in brightness and energy. Circumstances, we have said, may make the democracy dull. Take an aristocratic and high-spirited child; keep it cold and hungry, overwork it, abuse it, and ill-treat it. The high spirits will vanish, and the child will become dull and dejected. The child of the streets cannot escape physiological laws; neither can the children of the aristocracy. Of the shrewdness and brightness of the street Arab we gave a few instances last week; we do not argue from them, but we would point out that the presence of those qualities in that class is proverbial. Nor are the poor unable to amuse themselves, but they have their own ways of amusement. Some of them are coarse enough, and some are incomprehensible. From many of the more refined amusements they are barred by the expense, by want of leisure, or by want of knowledge. There are those who are trying to remedy this, and who are rewarded not infrequently by the sneers of the Conservative press. Sneering is much lighter work than helping, and the *bon mot* pays better (journalistically) than good feeling. It is not quite fair to charge the poorer classes with reading the fashionable intelligence in the newspapers. The middle-classes are its chief patrons. If a real democrat reads it at all, it is to provide a text for his diatribes against the extravagance and luxury of the aristocracy. It is true that the people do love to gaze "at amusements in which they do not partake." They watch the wedding party enter the church, the guests arriving at an entertainment in a great house, the fashionable people in the Row; but the writer in the *Spectator* thinks that this is due solely to envy, to dull wonder. This is not so. The people do not gaze with "vacant stares." They are quite judicial. They will watch the luxurious carriages and fine horses of the aristocracy, if there is nothing better in the way of shows; they would leave them in a moment to see a good circus procession. They like plenty of colour, and things which are not quite usual with them; and the taste shows no sign of dulness and stupidity, at any rate. At the present time we may believe that the democracy is quite awake. It is beginning to learn when it is wronged, and to resent the wrong—not always in the best and most telling fashion. It represents a great power; the people are considerable. It will not do to deny them our sympathies, or to refuse them our help; and it will not pay to despise them. We believe that this argument has especial weight with those who are most inclined to be contemptuous.

ROGER NORTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE Cambridge wit who some vast amount of years ago sang of Bohn's publications, "so useful to the student of Latin and Greek," hit with unerring precision the main characteristic of those very numerous volumes. Utility was the badge of all that tribe, save indeed of those woeful "Extra Volumes" which are as much out of place amongst their grave brethren as John Knox at a ballet. There was something in the binding of Messrs. Bohn's books which was austere and even forbidding; their excellence, their authority, could not be denied by even a youthful desperado, but reading them always wore the stern aspect of duty. The binding had undoubtedly a good deal to do with this. It has now been discarded by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, the present proprietors, in favour of brighter colours. The difference thus effected is enormous. The old binding is kept in stock because, so we are told, "it is endeared to many book-lovers by association." The piety of Messrs. Bell has misled them. No book-lover, we feel certain, ever held one of Messrs. Bohn's publications in his hands except to read it.

A valuable addition has just been made to the "Standard Library," by the publication—in three bright and cheerful volumes—of Roger North's well-known "Lives of the Norths," and also—and this practically for the first time—of Roger North's Autobiography, a book unknown to Macaulay, and which he would have read with fierce interest, bludgeon in hand, having no love for the family.

Dr. Jessopp, who edits the volumes with his accustomed skill, mentions in the Preface how the manuscript of the Autobiography belonged to the late Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, and was sold after the death of that bibliophile, in 1883, and four years later printed for private circulation. It now comes before the general public. It is not long, and deserves attention. The style is gritty and the story far from exciting, but the book is interesting, particularly for lawyers, a deserving class of readers for whose special entertainment small care is usually taken.

Roger North was born at Tostock in Suffolk in 1653—the youngest of his brothers. Never was man more of a younger brother than he. This book of his might be called "The Autobiography of a Younger Brother." The elder brother was, of course, Francis, afterwards Lord Guilford, a well-hated man, both in his own day and after it, but who at all events looked well after Roger, who was some sixteen years his junior.

In 1669 Roger North was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, Francis being then a Bencher of that learned society. Roger had chambers on the west side of Middle Temple Lane, and £10 wherewith to furnish them and buy a gown, and other necessaries. He says it was not enough, but that he managed to make it serve. His excellent mother, though she had some ten children and a difficult husband, produced £30, with which he bought law books. His father allowed him £40 a year, and he had his big brother at hand to help him out of debt now and again.

He was, we feel as we read, a little uneasy under his brother's eye. The elder North had a disagreeable fashion of putting "little contempts" upon his brother, and had a way of raising his own character by depressing Roger's, which was hard to bear. But Roger North bore it bravely; he meant sticking to his brother, and stick he did. In five years he saw Francis become King's Counsel, Solicitor- and Attorney-General. "If he should die," writes Roger, "I am lost." But Francis did not die, which was as well, for he was much better suited for this world than the next.

Roger North was no great student of the law. He was fond of mathematics, optics, mechanics, architecture, music, and of sailing a small yacht—given him by Mr. Windham of Felbrigge—on the Thames; and he gives in his Autobiography interesting accounts of these pastimes. He was very anxious indeed to get on and make money, but he relied more upon his brother than upon either his own brains or his own industry.

In 1674 Francis North became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, succeeding Sir John Vaughan, the friend of Selden; and Roger at once got himself called to the Bar, and thenceforward, so far as possible, whenever Francis was on the Bench, there was Roger pleading before him. Indeed, it went much farther than this. "I kept so closely to him that I can safely say I saw him abed every night without intermission for divers years together, which enables me to contradict the malicious report a relation raised of him that he kept a mistress as the mode of that time was." The morals of a Chief Justice two centuries after his death having no personal concern for this generation, we feel free to confess that we are rather sorry for Francis with Roger ever by his side in this unpleasantly pertinacious fashion. The younger North, so he tells us, always drove down to Westminster with the Chief Justice, and he frankly admits that his chief *appui* was his brother's character, fame, and interest. Not being a Serjeant, Roger could not actually practise in the Common Pleas, but on various circuits, at the Guildhall, at the Treasury, and wherever else he could lawfully go before the Chief Justice, there Roger went and got a business together. He also made money, sometimes as much as nine pounds a day, from court-keeping—that is, attending manor courts. This was a device of his elder brother's, who used to practise it before he was called to the Bar. It savours of pettifogging. However, it seems in Roger's case to have led to his obtaining the patent office of Temporal Steward to the See of Canterbury, to which he had the courage to stick after the deprivation of Archbishop Sancroft. This dogged devotion to the Church redeems North's life from a common-placedness which would otherwise be hopeless. The Archbishop left his faithful steward £20 for a ring, but North preferred, like a wise man, to buy books, which he had bound in the Archbishop's manner.

In 1682 Roger North "took silk," as the phrase now goes, and became one of the Attorney-General's devils, in which capacity his name is to be found in the reports of the trial of Lord William Russell. What he says about that trial in the Autobiography is just what might be expected from an Attorney-General's devil—that is, that never before was a State trial conducted with such candour and fairness. He admits that this is not the judgment of the world; but then, says he, "the world never did nor will understand its true good, or reward, encourage, or endure its true patriots and friends."

At the end of 1683 Francis North came home one night with no less remarkable a companion in his coach than the Great Seal. Roger instantly transposed himself to the Court of Chancery, where he began coining money. "My whole study," he says, "is causes and motions." He found it hard work, but he buckled-to, and boasts—like so many of his brethren, alive as well as dead—that he, at all events, always read his briefs. In the first year his fees amounted to £4,000, in the second to nearly as much, but in the third there was a falling-off, owing to a smaller quantity of business in the Court. A new Lord Keeper was always the occasion of the re-hearing of old causes. The defeated litigants wished to try their luck before the new man. North was at first astonished with the size of the fees he was offered; he even refused them, thinking them bribes; "but my fellow-practisers' conversation soon cured me of that nicety." And yet the biggest fee he ever got was twenty guineas. Ten guineas was the usual fee on a "huge" brief, and five "in the better sort of causes." In ordinary cases Roger North would take two or three guineas, and one guinea for motions and defences.

In the Long Vacations Roger still stuck to his

brother, who no doubt found him useful. Thus when the Mayor, Aldermen, and Council of Banbury came over to Wroxton to pay their respects to the Lord Keeper, they were handed over to the charge of Roger, who walked them all over the house to show the rooms, and then made them drunk at dinner "and dismissed them to their lodgings in ditches homeward bound." But the effort was too much for him, and no sooner were they gone than he had to lie down, all on fire, upon the ground, from which he rose very sick and scarce recovered in some days. As a rule he was a most temperate man, and hated the custom and extravagance of drinking. He had not enough understanding to obfuscate it by drink.

All went well with the brothers until the death of Charles the Second. Then the horizon grew troubled—but still Roger was being talked of as a Baron of the Exchequer, when the Lord Keeper died on the 5th of September, 1685. With him ended the public life of his younger brother. Roger North was only 32. He was a King's Counsel, and in considerable practice, but he had not the will—perhaps he had not the force, to stand alone. At the Revolution he became a non-juror, and retired into the country. His Autobiography also ceases with his brother's death.

He had much private family business to transact, and in 1690 he bought the Rougham estate in Norfolk, where he carried on building and planting on a considerable scale. He married and had children, bought books, restored the parish church, and finally died on the 1st of March, 1734, in his 81st year.

Dr. Jessopp tells us very little is left of Roger North—his house has been pulled down, his trees pulled up, and his books dispersed. But his lives of his three brothers and now the autobiography of himself, will keep his memory green. There is something about him one rather likes, though were we asked what it is, we should have no answer ready.

THE PURITAN IN AMERICA.

II.

THE considerations which have been already detailed, the lessons of her special religious, social, and literary growth, the personal influences and associations which make so much of her ground sacred, important as they are, do not by any means exhaust the significance of New England for us and for modern America. The American belief in education, with the policy it created, and still more the men and agencies needed for its realisation, are mainly products of the Puritan States. The schools and colleges of the Centre and West have been largely created and manned from New England. With every extension of the frontier a fresh band of academic pioneers have come from the East. What they did three generations ago in Ohio, two generations ago in Illinois and Missouri, one generation since in Iowa, they are doing to-day in the half-settled wilds of Nebraska and Oregon, Dakota and Washington. The number of Eastern-born and trained men and women one finds engaged in education everywhere, alike in the biggest cities and most rudimentary townships, is surprising. The diffusion of the New England school-ma'am is proverbial. She is ubiquitous, indefatigable, courageous, does not shrink from dealing with the lawless louts of Chicago and St. Louis, with the wild scions of Colorado miners, or with the brawnier youth who are reared amid the hardships of the North-West. She threatens, indeed, the supremacy of the male in the public schools, and proves that she possesses superior qualities as a pioneer in frontier education. One provision in the great ladies' college at Wellesley, with its seven hundred and fifty students, struck me as most admirable and necessary, yet most pathetic. A special Hall is provided where women who have been teaching for eight or ten years, and who have been worn out by their labours, may return and by new studies refresh themselves with new energies and enthusiasms for their work.

And it is not in the schools only that New England has been the fruitful mother of teachers; the new Universities which are so full of promise in East and West, like Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, owe much to the inherited academic genius and professorial passion of her sons. And even more significant are the multitude of small colleges created by the East in the West. They are, indeed, a multitude so great that it would be calamitous were the country old and glutted; but to a country so vast yet being peopled so quickly it is a necessity. The number of colleges in the United States concerned with the arts and sciences alone is 360, with 4,834 professors and 75,333 students; the number of colleges of all kinds devoted both to liberal education and the professional disciplines, is 988, with 12,409 professors and tutors, and 145,446 scholars. These figures are enough to show, not simply the supply, but the desire and the demand for the higher education; and what is more significant is, that the supply and the demand have alike been, almost exclusively, the creation of the Churches. For while the States have created the schools, the Churches, mainly, have created the colleges, and have done so as a part of their essential work; and in so doing they have proved themselves wise. It is easy for us in England to make merry over the sort of places called colleges in America—to compare them with our own ancient Universities, with their historic names, their scholarship, their classic buildings, their elaborate mechanism, tutorial, professorial, examinational; but the comparison is even more unjust to ourselves than to the Americans. The pride of an ancient lineage, which created us and which we did nothing to create, is even more vulgar than the vanity of the newest of the new rich. The multitude of even amorphous colleges, many of them little better than the classical "one-horse shay," is infinitely more creditable than their absence would have been, or than their creation by a central and paternal authority. They represent the living impulse and ambition of the people, their determination to get something higher than a common-school education, their belief in the culture of the mind as nobler than the abundance of material things. One has but to know the internal history of many of these colleges to be filled with admiration for their work and the men who do it. In a country which believes, if ever country did, in the "almighty dollar," which so feels the immensity of the material resources it has at command, that it can hardly help being overcome and commanded by them, men are to be met with, high-minded, educated, possessed of a culture which would not disgrace the Universities of England, who have accepted salaries that merchants' clerks would despise, have withdrawn from the society cultivated men most love, and have, under the least promising conditions, undertaken the most irksome of academic drudgeries. And it is well that the colleges these men conduct and constitute should exist by the hundred. They have a great work to-day; they will have a greater work in a not remote future. They include the beginnings of things; they influence large districts, they form the character of young cities, they qualify men, poor as their qualifications often are, for the better service of Church and State. And so the impulse towards their creation in the centre and West, which has been so directed, fostered, and supported by the East, is one of the most hopeful and statesmanlike of all the instincts and impulses which distinguish the American people; and it is one they owe to the Puritan men and States.

In order to estimate the necessity and the function of education, lower and higher, and especially of common education in America, it is necessary to remember the peculiar circumstances and difficulties of the country. They are not so much a homogeneous

people as a conglomerate of many and often hostile nationalities, of different and often alien races. But they must attain homogeneity that they may realise unity and order, the progress and the stability without which they cannot have a happy and civilised life. Between 1820 and 1890 immigration added, in round numbers, fifteen and a quarter millions to the population of the United States; and only a very small proportion of these were akin in speech, character, inherited instincts, and tendencies, to the five millions that, at the opening of this century, inhabited the Atlantic seaboard. Three and a half millions were Irish, four and a half German. Canada has supplied over a million, Italy, France, Hungary, Scandinavia, Russia, and Poland have supplied their quotas by the hundred thousand. And we have to add to this extraordinary mingling of bloods and tongues, the Southern French, the Spanish American, the Indian, the Negro, and the Chinese.

Now, it may well be asked, is it possible to conceive a harder problem than to weld these many peoples into one? The immigrants bring with them their speech, customs, prejudices, religion or want of religion, their ingrained admiration or hate of their native Government, the passions and instincts begotten under the old conditions, and not capable of extinction by the simple process of geographical change. They begin life in the New World as they have been made by the Old, and the troubles of the Old Country become the difficulties of the New, aggravated as it were by all being thrown into a single seething cauldron. The men are not united by any great simple sentiment like patriotism; they have not come to America through love of America; it is not their fatherland, and they do not feel to it as if it were. Nor are the modern immigrants, like the old colonists, men possessed of a common faith, compelled by love of it to seek the wilderness where they may freely profess it, and build up a society on its basis and according to its ideals. They are simply the victims of the struggle for existence, fugitives from over-populated countries, driven by want or fear of want from a home they did not wish to leave, to a country where their one ambition is to find room and means for living. Men so coming are not the noblest or most tractable of material, or the most easily assimilated. The sullen yet always explosive discontent of the Irish in Ireland very easily becomes active and articulate discontent in America. The military spirit and discipline of the German makes him now contemptuous to the freedom in home and school of his adopted country, now impatient with them, and anxious to retain the speech and the methods in which he himself was trained. The man transplanted against his will would transplant more than himself, and more than is compatible with the homogeneity, the unity, the order of the country he has adopted.

And it is just here where the necessity of a universal and a common education becomes obvious; it must be universal, to reach all, especially the latest comers; and it must be common, to unify and incorporate all. The only method of making a homogeneous people out of so many heterogeneous nationalities is an education that shall take the children of the first American, and every succeeding generation, and fuse them together, forming in them a new patriotism, enriching them with common traditions and common ambitions, begetting in them a larger collective consciousness, and inspiring them with ideals congenial to the new soil and capable of being realised upon it. This idea of a common and higher education, with the method and agencies needed for its realisation, is what America owes to the Puritan men and States. Whatever tends to break up and sectionalise this common education, threatens disaster, disorder, and disunity to America; whatever tends to preserve it will help to organise the moral and progressive forces that make for the happiness and freedom of the future. A. M. F.

SPANISH CONCERTS.

AMONG the numerous concerts of different kinds given this autumn in London, the palm of novelty must certainly be awarded to those offered by Señor Albeniz, the celebrated Spanish pianist and composer. Until quite recently, we in England knew as little of the art music of the Spaniards as to this day the Spaniards in all probability know of ours. Señor Albeniz, however, has revealed to us the existence of a distinguished school of modern Spanish composers, with himself prominently among them. He first became known in this country as a pianoforte *virtuoso*, and something more; for it was evident from the beginning that this pianist, with a technique and a tone worthy of the best traditions of Liszt, was not to be regarded simply as an executant. The pianoforte pieces to which he gradually introduced us were remarkable for their melodic charm, their grace, and their refinement. There is something in almost all of them which reminds one of Chopin. Then it appeared that this pianist and composer of pianoforte music had, moreover, written concertos and symphonies, and that he was as much a master of orchestral writing as of pianoforte playing. At the age of twenty-nine he has composed 202 piece;—or had when the last computation was made; for his *opus* number is probably higher at this moment by several units. Besides compositions of all kinds for the concert-room, Señor Albeniz has composed two operas, and he is said to be now engaged on a third, which is to be produced for the first time in London.

At his orchestral concerts Señor Albeniz is far from confining himself to the presentation of his own works. The programme of the first contained but one orchestral piece from his pen. It included, however, works by several other Spanish composers of the present day, one of whom, Señor Breton, may be regarded as the most successful composer of grand opera that Spain has produced. Señor Breton has written works of a lighter kind; but those which are above all characteristic of his genius are the operas entitled *Guzman the Noble*, and *The Lovers of Teruel*. Both are composed in the modern style, and without being, in an imitative sense, Wagnerian, show, like all serious compositions of the last twenty years, the influence of Wagner. Apart from the question of style, Señor Breton's scores exhibit a fund of melody, which, Wagner would be the first to tell us (see "Opera and Drama" and other literary works of this master), is the basis of all music.

The success of Señor Breton's operas in Spain may doubtless, in some measure, be explained by the character of his subjects, which belong, at once to the history and the literature of his country. He has treated them, too, in an eminently national spirit, while employing on occasion (at least in *The Lovers of Teruel*) national Spanish melodies. In *Guzman the Noble*, a one-act musical tragedy, the composer deals with a terrible incident in the siege of a town defended by his hero against the combined attack of Moorish troops, and the troops of a Spanish pretender. The commander of the Spanish contingent of besiegers has somehow got possession of Don Guzman's child, and, calling the father to the ramparts, he threatens, unless Guzman surrenders the town, to put his only son to death. Don Guzman replies to this menace by throwing his dagger to its utterer, exclaiming that his duty to the king is dearer to him than his own blood. Don Guzman's child is slain before his father's eyes. The defenders, in their indignation, make a sally and disperse the besiegers. Then the king embraces Don Guzman, and bestows upon him the epithet of "*El Bueno*."

The story of *The Lovers of Teruel*, as beautiful and as dramatic as that of "The Lovers of Verona," belongs, equally with the story of *Guzman the*

Noble, to the ancient chronicles of Spain. The incidents are of the beginning of the thirteenth century, and their fame, in due course, reached other countries; for one of Boccacio's most pathetic tales, written more than a century later, is evidently founded on the true history of the unfortunate pair. Struck by the beauty of Boccacio's tale, Alfred de Musset has retold it, with a grace worthy of Boccacio himself, in his poem of "Sylvie;" and in Spain several writers had treated the subject before it received, in the early part of the seventeenth century, its final literary form at the hands of Tirso de Molina. Its definitive musical form has certainly been given to it by Señor Breton, who, by the way, like Wagner and like Berlioz, is his own librettist.

The subject of *The Lovers of Teruel* is as heroic, but less gloomy than that of *Guzman the Noble;* for it is constantly lighted up by love-passages, now of the most tender, now of the most passionate kind. Don Diego loves Isabel, but, being poor, is not allowed to marry her. She promises Diego to wait five years for him, during which period he fights the Moors. At the expiration of the fifth year, not hearing from him, she becomes the wife of Don Azagra, the suitor favoured by her father; but the ceremony has scarcely been celebrated when Diego returns to claim her. He has greatly distinguished himself, and is now a personage of importance.

Both the lovers are heart-broken. Isabel will not see Diego. But he enters her house at night, makes his way to her room, tells her that he is dying and implores her to give him one kiss. This she mournfully refuses. Diego thereupon dies, and Isabel hastens to tell her husband; relating the incidents as though they had occurred not to her, but to some other lady. Don Azagra declares that in such a case the husband would be bound to help his wife to get rid of her unhappy lover's dead body; and when the whole truth has been told him, he carries the corpse to the house of Diego's father, and places it outside the door. The next morning there is general consternation in Teruel at the mysterious death of Don Diego, who had fought with the greatest bravery against the Moors; and the King (Don John of Aragon) orders a public funeral. Isabel becomes distracted, and ultimately dies from grief. The husband, Don Azagra, orders the lovers to be buried in the same tomb; and, according to tradition, their bodies were discovered, three centuries afterwards, in a state of absolute preservation when the church of San Pedro, where they had been entombed, was undergoing some repairs.

The love-scene between Diego and Isabel when Diego is departing for the wars, his return, the scene of Diego's death in Isabel's room, the funeral procession, and the final scene in the church, are so many opportunities for fine dramatic music; by all of which Señor Breton has fully profited.

"BEAU AUSTIN."

IN some pleasant couplets, which serve as a prologue to the play which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Monday, Mr. W. E. Henley modestly claims for the work on which he has collaborated with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that it is

> "A sketch, a shadow, of the brave old time,
> A hint of what it might have held sublime."

We do not associate sublimity with the Georgian beaux. Brummel, the best-remembered of them, was in his heyday the companion of a prince who cannot be said to have had even a bowing acquaintance with a spiritual idea. Thackeray's analysis of George IV.—"waistcoats, and then more waistcoats"—is a sufficient description of Brummel. The dandy of that period had a heart which was measured by his tailor, and he would not have held anything more sublime than the perfect fit of the cravat which Mr. Tree ties in this play to the rapt admiration of his valet. Such, in brief, was probably the stock of knowledge with which the *literati* at the Haymarket prepared to listen to the adventures of Beau Austin. They heard, to begin with, that he had shot his most intimate friend for the sake of Perdita Robinson; that, although the glass of fashion and the mould of form, he had done no memorable service to mankind, and that on one particular woman he had inflicted the worst of wrongs without a moment's compunction. This was in keeping with our prepossessions, and caused no surprise. When we saw the Beau in front of his looking-glass, and observed the elaborate trifling which made the sum of his manners, we felt that here was a Hyde who had no Jekyll. But this was not the moral for the sake of which two distinguished authors had written four acts. Suddenly upon the scene came the young man who had asked the betrayed lady to be his wife, and who called upon the Beau to make the only possible reparation for a singularly brutal seduction. And lo, Beau Hyde forgot his cravat, and turned into Beau Jekyll without a struggle, shed tears of repentance, made solemn vows of amendment, and kept them!

Having adjusted our disconcerted ideas to this wholly unexpected development, we see that *Beau Austin*, so far from concerning itself with the trivialities of the most trivial phase of our social history, is a play of strong emotion. The Beau is quite misunderstood by his friends. They may say that he is designed to "embellish and correct the manners" of the rising generation; they may scoff at the suggestion that his attentions can be supposed "to lead to matrimony." They are all wrong. Though he has never given Dorothy Musgrave a single thought for six months from the day when he bribed her maid to stay at home in order that he might lead Dorothy to disgrace, he becomes immediately alive to his fault when it is placed before him in admirable phrases. We are delighted to find that a Georgian dandy was so amenable to rebuke, and capable of a really genuine resolution to do all the justice that lay in his power. But we venture to suggest that it is the business of a dramatist to prepare us for such an outbreak of sincerity. Well may Dorothy Musgrave reject the Beau's offer of marriage with scorn. She does not believe in it, and nobody can blame her. Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley may have trusted to the actor to convey what they have in no way suggested or expressed—the capacity of their hero for a very abrupt and quite enduring regeneration. But this throws too great a burden on Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Excellent as this capable artist is in the Beau's dressing-room, in his familiarity with his valet, in his polished coolness to young Anthony Musgrave (unfortunately much younger than the actor who represents him), Mr. Tree has a most trying task, which it is no discredit to him to say he does not wholly accomplish, in the avowal of his disinterested affection to the girl he has deserted. The natural difficulties of the position are enormously increased by the necessity of maintaining, at the height of his passion, the true "dandiacal" manner. Through a great part of the interview he holds his beaver hat in the way prescribed by etiquette. He must not, in the glow of his ardour, throw off that exquisite manner which is the delight and pride of Tunbridge Wells. The lover in Sheridan's plays wears a costume we do not know, but he is not overpowered by a code of artificial deportment. Bassanio may be as Shakespearean as you please, without conforming to a standard of grace which is dead and gone. But Beau Austin must represent a traditional bearing which is without a counterpart before or since. He may try with all his might to persuade a woman that he loves her, but he must never forget his beaver hat.

In such conditions it would have been well-nigh miraculous if Mr. Tree had carried the whole theatre with him in so arduous an undertaking. His Beau Austin has yet to ripen. Perhaps it may

never be absolutely convincing, for it is scarcely conceivable that the sympathies of a modern audience should throb in unison with the sentiments of a converted rake of the Regency. But Mr. Tree has gone so far towards perfecting a most difficult portrait, that the further pains he is bound to bestow on it will possess no common interest. Unluckily the authors have interposed more than one kind of obstacle to success. A more futile expedient than that of dragging in "a Royal Duke" at the end of the piece, to give with ducal dumbness and a cocked hat a special intensity to Beau Austin's self-sacrifice, could not well be imagined. The Duke of York may be silent on the top of his column, but why should he not be allowed to rap out a royal oath when he sees Beau Austin insulted, and an idiomatic blessing when Dorothy embraces her hero? All the acting in the world could not save this incident from a touch of bathos. Mr. Tree is again in a trying situation. He has to persuade us that it was sublime to accept a blow with meekness, and above all to own that he, the all-conquering Beau, had been rejected by a mere slip of a girl. That demands a very rare art; but what can art do in the presence of "a Royal Duke" who is nothing but a uniform and feathers?

Despite its faults, *Beau Austin* has qualities which claim warm recognition. Its literary charm is great, and in the first act, at all events, there is true dramatic force. Dorothy's confession of her fall to the man who had idolised her for all that was pure, is a piece of writing which, for truth and power, has no parallel in our modern English drama. Manifestly, the purpose with which Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley wrote this play was to show real tragedy in the most artificial society of our century. They have so far succeeded that we wish they would deal in the same spirit with some subject which comes nearer to our own conventions, while touching the permanent springs of tragic interest. That is a work to which no living dramatist (except Mr. Pinero in *The Profligate*) seems either able or willing to set his hand. Mr. Stevenson and his brilliant associate have the opportunity and the authority to do the stage a lasting service.

THE WEEK.

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE discourages the idea of an English Academy of Letters. The French Academy exists for the purpose of conserving the French language. But English Academicians, even if they were a hundred strong, would be unable to resist the assaults of female novelists, or MR. BURNAND, on our mother tongue. M. COPPÉE recalls with pride the successful stand he made against the word *pschutt*. No self-respecting Frenchman writes the word now. The Academy triumphed gloriously over those who would have corrupted the French language with such an expression. But fancy an English Academy trying to expel "reliable" from the vocabulary of people who ought to know better! M. COPPÉE thinks that the Queen might set up an Academy if she were so disposed. He has evidently never studied the document which goes by the name of the Queen's Speech.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS says some sensible things in the *New Review* about "the whole duty of critics." He is good enough to draw up a code of maxims, all of which are irreproachable and elementary. One or two of them will touch most reviewers rather nearly. Of English critics in general, MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS seems to have a low opinion. He says the reviews of fiction in our most esteemed contemporaries show that the writers are "sadly lacking in literary perception and literary perspective." But what is the state of MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS? How stands the perception of the critic who tells us that the novel of England is inferior in art to the novel of America? And where was the perspective of the writer MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS may have heard of, who suggested some years ago that English books in America were injurious to true democratic virtue?

THERE is really no end to these quarterlies. The latest comes from Chicago, of all places. People who have flippantly connected Chicago with nothing more intellectual than reports of the pork market will blush to learn that to that city the world owes *The Monist*. The title is a trifle obscure. It signifies the great problem which is "a unitary conception of the world, free from contradictions, and based upon the facts of life." That is pretty tough, as problems go, and it is quite needless to add that writers in the *Monist* do not encourage "mere diversion, and useless play for mental enjoyment." The most actual article in the first number deals with marital relations, and argues that women ought not to expect in men the ethical standard demanded by the marriage contract from wives. PROFESSOR E. D. COPE will hear more of this.

The Strand Magazine is the not too felicitous title chosen by MR. NEWNES for the illustrated monthly which he is on the point of bringing out. The scheme of the venture is lavish, and there is much in it that promises well. *The Strand* is to "give for sixpence half as many pictures again as *Harper's* for a shilling, and of equal merit." So at least says MR. NEWNES, and there is to be a "coloured picture" besides, which, in the proprietor's opinion, would "alone be cheap at 1s." *The Strand* will contain 112 pages, and no page will be without "a first-class illustration." There will be fiction galore; six complete short stories in the first number "by the most noted writers in the world," including "a very exciting Railway Story by GRANT ALLEN," with "over *eighty* illustrations." A "portrait gallery" is promised on a new and interesting plan, "each page of portraits showing celebrities at various stages of life, from early youth to the present time." MR. NEWNES has received portraits for his gallery from LORD TENNYSON, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, MR. IRVING, MISS TERRY, MR. RIDER HAGGARD, MR. SPURGEON, "and many others." In the first or second number will be an article entitled "London from Aloft," illustrated by engravings from photographs "taken from the carriage of a balloon;" and a series of letters from artists (SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, MR. WATTS, MR. BOUGHTON, etc.), with their own illustrations, "giving their opinion of the present style of ladies' dress from an artistic point of view, and describing their own ideal of a beautiful dress." More than this might be told, but we forbear.

A STATEMENT in MR. FROUDE'S Biography of Lord Beaconsfield seems to need confirmation, of which we do not affirm that it is incapable. He says that "Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" were written at the same time as "Popanilla," which appeared in 1828. They certainly were not published until 1832—34, when they appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and we should have thought them more mature compositions. There seems to us plain internal evidence of "The Infernal Marriage" at least having been written after the dethronement of CHARLES X. MR. FROUDE may, nevertheless, have good evidence of his assertion; but if his habitual brilliancy has nowise deserted him in his last work, neither has his habitual inaccuracy. He makes CARLYLE catch the infection of Radicalism "in the Dumfriesshire *Highlands*."

ANOTHER peculiarity of MR. FROUDE is evidenced by this book—his obstinate adherence to the

information put, so to speak, under his nose, and his disdain of all collateral research. Like the monk in "The Misfortunes of Elphin," he confines himself to "a single and simple draught of whatever is before him." If he had sipped at the *Athenæum* of May 6th, 1882, he would have discovered that DISRAELI'S Dutch speculation of 1836 was by no means his *initiation* into "the mysteries of finance."

MR. FROUDE may well be excused for omitting to notice another remarkable document referring to his hero, for the reference would not be clear to him. SOUTHEY, writing to CAROLINE BOWLES in May, 1835, says (p. 323 of PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S edition of the correspondence), "—— has once been disordered in his intellect; how it manifested itself I never heard, but the father was said to have removed from London in order to withdraw him for a time from scenes of excitement." The blank is to be filled up with the name of BENJAMIN DISRAELI. It may well be questioned whether the rumour was an exaggeration of the giddiness mentioned by MR. FROUDE, or whether the giddiness was an euphemism for the malady. It is at all events certain that if DISRAELI ever did suffer from mental disturbance, no man ever made a more thorough recovery.

A TRIFLING error into which LORD BEACONSFIELD fell may be here mentioned—not as of the least account in itself, but as an admonition to small critics. There is nothing in which "the men who have failed" more delight than in twitting any unfortunate writer who may have failed to distinguish accurately between Frankenstein and his monster. But no less wide-awake a person than DISRAELI fell into MRS. SHELLEY'S trap. Writing to MRS. BRYDGES WILLYAMS, he says:—"The Polish question is a diplomatic Frankenstein, created out of cadaverous remnants by the mystic blundering of LORD RUSSELL."

DISRAELI himself has been the victim of a blunder as absurd as compositor ever made, or editor passed. In one of his letters to his sister he describes a visit to the library of MACCULLOCH, famous for the elegance of his bindings, adding, according to the printer, "He is a *bear* with his books." Of course he wrote *beau*.

Sunlight and Shadow, MR. CARTON'S new play at the Avenue, is not a great work, but it has the elements of a legitimate popularity. The story, perhaps, does not count for much. We have seen the resurrection of melodramatic wives, supposed to be dead, too often to regard their appearance at inopportune moments with breathless interest. But the real quality of MR. CARTON'S work lies in different material. He gives us a very pleasing picture of English domestic life—not merely sentimental, but sufficiently actual, and brightened by a humorous observation which is distinctly fresh. Nothing more admirably truthful than MISS MARION TERRY'S impersonation of the girl who is a kind of household fairy, is to be seen on our stage, and MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER plays the crippled choirmaster with much delicacy. The realism of the piece was pleasantly illustrated by an amusing incident on the first night. MR. ALEXANDER gently lectures MISS MAUD MILLETT, the spoilt sister, on her inconsiderateness. Some paterfamilias in the pit exclaimed "Hear, hear!" with an intensity of conviction which was in itself a tribute to the play.

THE chorus of praise that is going up over MR. D'OYLEY CARTE'S new theatre (now on the point of completion) seems to show, amongst other things, that the Press is becoming conscious of the æsthetic defects of London, considered from the standpoint of the architect. This is good. Before MR. WATERHOUSE'S "Council of Taste" can be established, the Press must educate the public up to the notion of an architectural London, and it cannot well do that until it has fairly grasped the notion for itself. Artist-architects like MR. WATERHOUSE cherish dreams of a beautiful London. Their dreams are not destined to be realised in our time, but they are getting just a little nearer to the possible. For example, MR. COLLCUTT has enriched the metropolis with one of the handsomest (if not the handsomest) theatres in Europe.

BUT we are not to boast extravagantly. An age like ours should be capable of producing an architectural style of its own. The new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue is a very beautiful building, but it is not original. This is no special reproach to MR. COLLCUTT, for a famous architect, dead some years, asserted in print that no original building had been erected in Europe since the Reformation. St. Paul's is not an original building, nor are the Houses of Parliament original buildings. As an example of modern Renaissance (which has now clearly superseded the Gothic in England), the new theatre leaves almost nothing to be desired, but the Renaissance style is not a style of our own invention (it is not, strictly speaking, a style at all); and MR. COLLCUTT has exhibited so fine and ingenious a skill in adaptation here—there is not a trace of mere copying in his design—that we fancy he would have done himself still greater justice had he trusted entirely to his own artistic wit. He began with the Gothic, we believe; he has gone on to the Renaissance; he may yet be the author of a new style.

To return for a moment to the question of the beautifying of London. No adequate scheme to this end is likely to be undertaken during the present century. The first and the last objection to it is that, unless superfluous wealth will allow itself to be taxed for the purpose, the necessary means are not to be found. Before attempting to beautify London as a whole, we have to pull down rotten London, and sweep out dirty London. This will cost us a good deal. Bethnal Green alone needs a fortune. But there is this to remember on the other side: we shall go on building, and we may just as well build with as much regard for the æsthetic as is compatible with the requirements of utility. That is to say, there is room even now for MR. WATERHOUSE'S Council of Taste.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, Oxford, is to be congratulated on electing LORD ACTON to an Honorary Fellowship. It is a graceful compliment to one of the most learned men in Europe. The University had already conferred its D.C.L. on him, *honoris causâ*; but the Colleges, though the practice of giving honorary fellowships is not exactly a novelty, are only just beginning to realise how much these compliments are valued, and what honour they may reflect on the body that confers them. They are, in fact, the crown of college hospitality, at once less costly and more highly prized than the hospitality of the past.

WHAT a pity it is that LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is entirely without any literary occupation to beguile his leisure! He is out of political life; he cannot be always at Newmarket; and time must hang very heavily on his hands. Years ago he went to see a performance of *Hamlet* in Dublin.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

Having not the least idea of what was going to happen, he grew very excited, and went behind the scenes after every act to collect information. When it was all over, he borrowed a copy of Shakespeare's works, and read them from beginning to end with the liveliest interest. This ought to have implanted the germ of a literary taste in his mind; but his enthusiasm passed off, and now he cannot relieve the tedium of waiting for the Premiership even with a book of anecdotes.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN'S reply to MR. DE WINDT is pretty conclusive. MR. DE WINDT suggested that MR. KENNAN had invented the horrors of the Tomsk prison. This was rather strong criticism of a man who spent years in Siberia, who went there with prepossessions in favour of the Russian Government, and on whose good faith no one has hitherto dreamt of throwing a doubt. But MR. DE WINDT visited Tomsk, and found no prison such as MR. KENNAN had described; therefore it did not exist. It now appears that MR. DE WINDT saw a prison which the Tomsk officials always show to confiding strangers, and was quite unconscious of the fact that at that very moment the condition of the real exile prison was a public scandal in the Russian newspapers. A journal in Tomsk itself was actually predicting that the diseases due to the overcrowding of this prison would spread through the city. As MR. DE WINDT is about to publish a book, he had better revise his narrative with the aid of a few genuine authorities.

WE praise originality as sportsmen laud the woodcock. It is the rarest of game. A specimen has just been fined forty shillings and costs in our midst. MR. HARRY ARCHER, of Manchester, was summoned, on Tuesday, on three charges of trespassing in pursuit of game at Lytham, where he had been staying. His mode of trespass was this—he hired a cab, and shot at the game out of the vehicle. MR. ARCHER is described as a "sporting character," and unlike most people who go by that name, he seems entitled to both adjective and substantive. He killed one hare.

A FINELY flavoured chapter of romance has closed finely this week. "CAPTAIN JOHANN ORTH" is dead. Twelve months ago he was the Archduke Johann Salvador, of the house of Hapsburg, Lieutenant-Field-Marshal of the Austrian Army. He quarrelled with the military authorities, renounced his royal prerogative, took the surname of "Orth" (from his seat at Gmunden), and turned captain of a common merchantman. Last spring he sailed his vessel, the *Margaretha*, into Monte Video, with a cargo of saltpetre, and having discharged there, sailed away into the mists. He was bound for Valparaiso; but from Valparaiso came no report of Waring. Now there sails a vessel into Monte Video with news that she has passed, on her way, three wrecks, one of them the *Margaretha*. So CAPTAIN ORTH has gone to the bottom in the cyclone that swept around Cape Horn last August. But for a year he had lived. There is a deal of W. D. HOWELLS in the world, but there seems to be a residuum of something else.

LAST Sunday was observed in Paris as the *Jour des Morts*, and some solicitous person seems to have gone round to various men of note in that capital, agreeably inquiring how they would like their bodies disposed of after death. M. SARDOU says "*Brûlé, brûlé!*" M. ZOLA would not presume to dictate, but leaves the matter to those who love him. If M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY should die in Paris, he would like to be cremated; if at Nanterre, he prefers burial. Should his fate be to expire somewhere between Paris and Nanterre, the difference, we presume, would then have to be split somehow. M. ARNAUD SILVESTRE says poetically that when the question is put whether he should become a puff of smoke in the air, or a flower in the grass, he must declare for the flower. And M. DAUDET, when invited to choose between burial and cremation, deplores the necessity for either. M. BLOWITZ does not seem to have been asked. It is assumed that *he* will be embalmed.

THE troubadour who ran counter to the law of nuisances in a town in the Midlands last week, and who was taken home by the police, committed the cardinal error of supposing that what is proper in love in one country must be proper in another country. He serenaded his lady with a bass viol in a common thoroughfare, at an hour when most of the householders wanted to sleep. The policeman came and took him up. Had he been a literary youth, he might have escaped this misadventure. STEELE wrote, two hundred years ago, that "a man might as well serenade in Greenland as in our region." Nottingham tried the serenade in STEELE'S day, but it did not answer. Some young men hired the waits to help them through their courtship ("with violins and bass viols, between the hours of 12 and 4 in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of Her Majesty's peaceable subjects"), but they none of them got married; and the sole result was a proclamation to the effect that "this custom is by no means to be indulged in this country and climate."

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

(FROM OUR SERVIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

AS a crisis in the Balkans is, under existing circumstances, synonymous with a crisis in Europe, I need not apologise for drawing attention to some of the signs which show that a great political disturbance is rapidly approaching.

The diplomatic conflict between Russia and the Triple Alliance has been more fiercely waged than has been apparent to the general public. But everyone knows that the chief aim of both the Triple Alliance and Russia, in these ceaseless conflicts of diplomacy, was to secure a friendly neutrality, if not an active assistance, from the Balkan States in the event of the expected collision of the Great Powers.

Five years ago the Triple Alliance had decidedly the advantage. Roumania was governed by M. Bratiano, who did not disguise his conviction that the place of Roumania, in the case of war, was on the side of the Triple Alliance. Alexander of Battenberg was Prince of Bulgaria, and he sought systematically to imbue Bulgarian officers and Bulgarian politicians with the feeling that Bulgaria ought to be an independent country and not a Russian province. Milan Obrenovich was King of Servia, and the Russians hated him because he refused to accept a position like that of the Prince of Montenegro, and would not let the Servians fight for the realisation of the great Slavonic Empire, which would inevitably destroy their own independence and nationality. Greece was governed by the Cabinet of M. Tricoupis, known for his "English" political opinions—*i.e.*, for his objection to submit to the dictates, more or less diplomatically concealed, from St. Petersburg.

Russian diplomacy has often been much abused—in Russia for its want of success, out of Russia for its somewhat strange and "non-European" methods. But, after all, it was Russian diplomacy that removed M. Bratiano from power in Roumania, and which upset the anti-Russian "Progressists" in Servia. And it is Russian diplomacy—in a very great measure at least—which has now, so suddenly, overturned the Tricoupis Cabinet. The kidnapping of Prince Alexander cannot, perhaps, be

esteemed as a triumph of Russian diplomacy—the honour of that glorious achievement belongs, in the first place, to other centres of Russian political action.

It is certain that during the last two years the chances of Russia have considerably increased in the Balkans, and, in proportion, the chances of the Triple Alliance have decreased. But Russia has still enough to do before she can be sure of final success; and the key of the whole position is still, politically and strategetically, Bulgaria.

Complete ascendency in this country is an absolute necessity to Russia, not merely for the future development of the great Slavonic idea, but for the present and immediate object of preventing Turkey and Roumania joining the Triple Alliance. And Russian generals are sure of Bulgaria once they obtain direct, or indirect, power in Sofia.

The expected arrival of M. Zankoff from St. Petersburg, in Belgrade is generally understood to mean some speedy *coup* of some kind in Bulgaria. With M. Zankoff, the chairman of the Russian Danubian Steamship Company, Prince Gagarin, is expected in Belgrade, and Prince Gagarin is well known for his panslavistic tendencies. The Bulgarian emigrants in Servia speak openly of the great changes shortly to be made in Bulgaria. The brilliant and impressive opening of the great Sobranye by Prince Ferdinand does not in the least increase his personal security. And from Sofia I hear of a general feeling that grave and great changes are imminent.

Prince Ferdinand's very virtues are against him in the eyes of Russia, and the success of his government only the more urgently proves the necessity of his overthrow—by one or other means—speedily.

Whilst preparations are evidently being made for some serious action in Bulgaria, affairs in Roumania point to a speedy crisis there. It is believed that the resignation of the Cabinet Manu-Lahovary will precede the meeting of the Roumanian Parliament on the 21st of November, and that M. Carp will be entrusted with the formation of the new Cabinet. General Manu and his colleagues are said to be unwilling to support King Carol's desire for the formal accession of Roumania to the Triple Alliance, and, rather than do so, they will resign.

M. Carp has had, recently, repeated and protracted conferences with the King and, it is said, he feels certain he can obtain the support of the Parliament for such policy.

But there is no doubt about the Conservatives, under M. Catargi and other old friends of Russia, being fully alive to the exigencies of the moment, and they are concentrating all their forces, and exerting all their energies, to defeat the King's purpose. Should they succeed in gaining a majority in Parliament, all hope of Roumania joining the Triple Alliance will be at an end, and even the position of the King himself may be somewhat shaken. Towards the end of November a great, and perhaps decisive, struggle betwixt Russia and the Triple Alliance will be fought in Roumania. Should Russia succeed—which is not improbable—the victory in Roumania will only be the precursor of definite success in Bulgaria. The recent success of Russia in Greece may induce the Central Powers to make *a supreme effort to settle the Balkan question without war*, and so by diplomatic means ensure the peace of Europe for fifteen or twenty years. If diplomacy fails, possibly they will decide that the sooner the explosion comes the better, seeing that it is impossible to avoid it. In this case, delay only increases danger, for Russia is an adept in the art of dividing in order to rule. A Triple Alliance, however firm, is in triple danger of being broken, but one is always —*one*—and *indivisible*.

In the political circles of Sofia and Belgrade it is believed that the Central Powers and England have come to some definite conclusions, and that the latter will shortly propose a plan, which has already the sanction of the former, for the amicable settlement of the Bulgarian question. An additional protocol to the Berlin Treaty is to confirm the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria, to raise the new State to the dignity of an independent kingdom, to give some compensation in money to the Porte, and to place on the royal throne a candidate agreeable to the Czar.

It is believed—perhaps it would be more exact to say it is *hoped*—in certain circles that Prince Ferdinand will prove his devotion to Bulgaria by withdrawing voluntarily from his present position. Even the wintering of the British Mediterranean Squadron in the Bay of Salonica is supposed to be in some way connected with an intended diplomatic action of Lord Salisbury in the interests of peace! If Russia accepts the proposition of the Central Powers, good! if not, they, with England, will acknowledge Ferdinand "King of the United Bulgarias," and Russia may declare war, if she pleases, afterwards.

Unfortunately, these hopes—however pleasant to entertain—do not seem very likely to be fulfilled. Russia looks beyond Bulgaria to Bosnia and Herzegovina. At least, in Belgrade, as well as in Cetinye, the leading politicians believe firmly that Russia has entered into too many engagements with the Prince of Montenegro and the Radical Government of Servia to be able to limit herself to a simple settlement of the Bulgarian question.

E. L. M.

THE PARADISE OF CHOICE.

IT was not as in certain toy houses that foretell the weather by means of a man-doll and a woman-doll—the man going in as the woman comes out, and *vice versâ*. In this case both man and woman stepped out, the man half a minute behind; so that the woman was almost at the street-corner while he hesitated just outside the door, blinking up at the sky, and then dropping his gaze along the pavement.

The sky was flattened by a fog that shut down on the roofs and chimneys like a tent-cloth, white and opaque. Now and then a yellowish wave rolled across it from eastward, and the cloth would be shaken. When this happened, the street was always filled with gloom, and the receding figure of the woman lost in it for a while.

The man thrust a hand into his trousers pocket, pulled out a penny, and after considering for a couple of seconds, spun it carelessly. It fell in his palm, tail up; and he regarded it as a sailor might a compass. The trident in Britannia's hand pointed westward, down the street.

"West it is," he decided with a shrug, implying that all the four quarters were equally to his mind. He was pocketing the coin, when footsteps approached, and he lifted his head. It was the woman returning. She halted close to him with an undecided manner, and the pair eyed each other.

We may know them as Adam and Eve, for both were beginning a world that contained neither friends nor kin. Both had very white hands and very short hair. The man was tall and meagre, with a receding forehead and a sandy complexion that should have been freckled, but was not. He had a trick of half-closing his eyes when he looked at anything, not screwing them up as seamen do, but appearing rather to drop a film over them like the inner eyelid of a bird. The woman's eyes resembled a hare's, being brown and big, and set far back, so that she seemed at times to be looking right behind her. She wore a faded look, from her dust-coloured hair to her boots, which wanted blacking.

"It all seems so wide," she began; "so wide—"

"I'm going west," said the man, and started at a slow walk. Eve followed, a pace behind his heels, treading almost in his tracks. He went on, taking no notice of her.

"How long were you in there?" she asked, after a while.

"Ten year'." Adam spoke without looking back. "Cumulated jobs, you know."

"I was only two. Blankets it was with me. They recommended me to mercy."

"You got it," Adam commented, with his eyes fastened ahead.

The fog followed them as they turned into a street full of traffic. Its frayed edge rose and sank, was parted and joined again—now descending to the first-storey windows and blotting out the cabmen and passengers on omnibus tops, now rolling up and over the parapets of the houses and the sky-signs. It was noticeable that in the crowd that hustled along the pavement Adam moved like a puppy not yet way-wise, but with lifted face. Eve followed with her head bent, seeing nothing but his heels. She observed that each heel was worn down on the outside.

Three or four times, as they went along, Adam would eye a shop window and turn in at the door, while Eve waited. He returned from different excursions with a twopenny loaf, a red sausage, a pipe, box of lights and screw of tobacco, and a noggin or so of gin in an old soda-water bottle. Once they turned aside into a public, and had a drink of gin together. Adam paid.

Thus for two hours they plodded westward, and the fog and crowd were with them all the way—strangers jostling them by the shoulder on the greasy pavement, hansoms splashing the brown mud over them—the same din and hurry for miles. Many shops were lighting up, and from these a yellow flare streamed into the fog; or a white when it came from the electric light; or separate beams of orange, green, and violet, when the shop was a druggist's.

Then they came to the railings of Hyde Park, and trudged down the hill alongside them to Kensington Gardens. It was yet early in the afternoon. Adam pulled up.

"Come and look," he said. "It's autumn in there," and he went in at the Victoria gate, with Eve at his heels.

"Mister, how old might you be?" she asked, encouraged by the sound of his voice.

"Thirty."

"And you've passed ten years in—in there." She jerked her head back and shivered a little.

He had stooped to pick up a leaf. It was a yellow leaf from a chestnut that reached into the fog above them. He picked it slowly to pieces, drawing full draughts of air into his lungs. "Fifteen," he jerked out, "one time and another. 'Cumulated, you know." Pausing, he added, in a matter-of-fact voice, "What I took came to less 'n a pound's worth, altogether."

The Gardens were deserted, and the pair roamed towards the centre, gazing curiously at so much of sodden vegetation as the fog allowed them to see. Their eyes were not jaded; to them a blade of grass was not a little thing.

They were down on the south side, amid the heterogeneous plants there collected, examining each leaf, spelling the Latin labels and comparing them, when the hour came for closing. In the dense atmosphere the park-keeper missed them. The gates were shut; and the fog settled down thicker with the darkness.

Then the man and the woman were aware, and grew afraid. They saw only a limitless plain of grey about them, and heard a murmur as of the sea rolling around it.

"This gaol is too big," whispered Eve, and they took hands. The man trembled. Together they moved into the fog, seeking an outlet.

At the end of an hour or so they stumbled on a seat, and sat down for awhile to share the bread and sausage, and drink the gin. Eve was tired out and would have slept, but the man shook her by the shoulder.

"For God's sake don't leave me to face this alone. Can you sing?"

She began "When other lips" in a whisper which gradually developed into a reedy soprano. She had forgotten half the words, but Adam lit a pipe and listened appreciatively.

"Tell you what," he said at the close; "you'll be able to pick up a little on the road with your singing. We'll tramp west to-morrow, and pass ourselves off for man and wife. Likely we'll get some farm work, down in the country. Let's get out of this."

They joined hands and started off again, unable to see a foot before them in the blackness. So it happened next morning that the park-keeper, coming at his usual hour to unlock the gates, found a man and a woman inside with their white faces pressed against the railings, through which they glared like caged beasts. He set them free, and they ran out, for his paradise was too big.

Now, facing west, they tramped for two days on the Bath road, leaving the fog behind them, and drew near Reading. It was a clear night as they approached it, and the sky studded with stars that twinkled frostily. Eleven o'clock sounded from a tower ahead. On the outskirts of the town they were passing an ugly modern villa with a large garden before it, when an old gentleman came briskly up the road and turned in at the gate.

Adam swung round on his heel and followed him up the path, begging. Eve hung by the gate.

"No," said the old gentleman, fitting his latch-key into the door, "I have no work to offer. Eh?—Is that your wife by the gate? Hungry?"

Adam whispered a lie in his ear.

"Poor woman, and to be out on the road, in such a state, at this hour! Well, you shall share my supper before you search for a lodging. Come inside," he called out to Eve, "and be careful of the step. It's a high one."

He led them in, past the ground-floor rooms and up a flight of stairs. After pausing on the landing and waiting a long time for Eve to take breath, he began to ascend another flight.

"Are we going to have supper on the leads?" Adam wondered.

They followed the old gentleman up to the attics and into a kind of tower, where was a small room with two tables spread, the one with a supper, the other with papers, charts, and mathematical instruments.

"Here," said their guide, "is bread, a cold chicken, and a bottle of whiskey. I beg you to excuse me while you eat. The fact is, I dabble in astronomy. My telescope is on the roof above, and to-night every moment is precious."

There was a ladder fixed in the room, leading to a trap-door in the ceiling. Up this ladder the old gentleman trotted, and in half a minute had disappeared, shutting the trap behind him.

It was half an hour or more before Adam climbed after him, with Eve, as usual, at his heels.

"My dear madam!" cried the astronomer, "and in your state!"

"I told you a lie," Adam said. "I've come to beg your pardon. May we look at the stars before we go?"

In two minutes the old gentleman was pointing out the constellations—the Great Bear hanging low in the north-east, pointing to the Pole star, and across it to Cassiopeia's bright zig-zag, high in the heavens; the barren square of Pegasus, with its long tail stretching to the Milky Way, and the points that cluster round Perseus; Arcturus, white Vega and yellow Capella; the Twins, and beyond them the Little Dog twinkling through a coppice of naked trees to eastward; yet further round the Pleiads climbing, with red Aldebaran after them; below them Orion's belt, and last of all, Sirius flashing like a diamond, white and red, and resting on the horizon where the dark pasture-lands met the sky.

Then, growing flushed with his subject, he began to descant on these stars, their distances and

velocities; how that each was a sun, careering in measureless space, each trailing a company of worlds that spun and hurtled round it; that the Dog-star's light shone into their eyes across a hundred trillion miles; that the star itself swept along a thousand miles in a minute. He hurled figures at them, heaping millions on millions. "See here"—and, turning the telescope on its pivot, he sighted it carefully. "Look at that small star in the Great Bear: that's Groombridge Eighteen-thirty. *He's* two hundred billions of miles away. *He* travels two hundred miles a second, does Groombridge Eighteen-thirty. In one minute Groombridge Eighteen-thirty could go from here to Hong-Kong."

"Then curse Groombridge Eighteen-thirty!"

It was uttered in the bated tone that night enforces: but it came with a groan. The old gentleman faced round in amazement.

"He means, sir," explained the woman, who had grown to understand Adam passing well, "my man means that it's all too big for us. We've strayed out of prison, sir, and shall feel safer back again, looking at all this behind bars."

She reached out a hand to Adam: and this time it was he that followed, as one blinded and afraid. In three months they were back again at the gates of the paradise they had wandered from. There stood a warder before it, clad in blue: but he carried no flaming sword, and the door opened and let them in.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MINERS' EIGHT HOURS BILL.

SIR,—Mr. Sidney Webb in your columns raises several important questions of principle and fact, which ought not to pass without discussion. It may for instance be perfectly true, as he alleges, that, speaking generally, "eight hours below ground is universally felt to be long enough," but this would by no means dispose of the matter in hand. What ought to be made perfectly clear is that in the attempt to remedy one supposed existing evil, we are not creating others greater still. And this is not even discussed unless the proposers of the new law push their inquiries much further than the pit's mouth, and tell us what will happen to all concerned if they get their way.

Whether "coal-mining will still be profitable" under such a law depends greatly on what is thus meant, as also on the turn events may afterwards take. Coals must somehow or other be won, and those who can afford to do so will continue to pay the cost. Some collieries, therefore, would survive even more drastic measures than an Eight Hours Law. But to others less favourably situated much injury and wrong might nevertheless be done. Taken as a whole, the alternative to be faced is whether the present miners, working of course shorter hours, would produce less coal; or whether increased shifts of new men would maintain the present output, and so glut the mines with the additional labour supply. If the former, the chief sufferers would be the public; if the latter, the miners themselves.

In truth, everybody would suffer from a diminished output of coal. Miners, to begin with, doing less work, would get less pay. Coal-owners, paying fixed charges on a smaller output, would get a smaller return. The public, in a thousand ways, would suffer from getting less and often dearer coal. Wholesale restriction of this kind practically created by Act of Parliament would, in fact, inevitably break down, and a remedy be speedily found. That remedy would be new shifts of men, with what consequences may readily be foreseen.

More men than before being required to do a given quantity of work would, in this instance also, mean increased cost, even though every individual worker received less wage. So also would the additional capital outlay called for in the erection of new houses to accommodate the fresh hands, with the usual prospect in such cases that the erections—being in pit villages—would become simply derelict when the coal was all done. So also, again, would the loss of time and waste of motive power involved in the process of changing men. All this would mean loss—shared it may be by everybody, but falling most heavily on the public, both rich and poor, who in their coal bills would assuredly have to pay.

And for the miners themselves, the glut of new labour in the mines would ultimately also mean heavy disaster and loss. They know well the recent long years of depression, why they continued so long, and what was all the while endured. There were too many men even then, and trade only revived when the labour supply was again on a level with the demand. Why accelerate the return of those evil days? Even though nobody at present suffered from the law while trade continues good, the law itself will be for all times, both bad and good, and miners beyond all others will therefore do well to look much at it before they leap. London dockers closing their ranks, as we are told, against the admission of new members are, at least, for themselves, facing the problem of redundant competing labour. The sharply contrasted policy of reducing miners' hours for the very purpose, amongst others, that more men may be forced into the mines, is one that may well make our colliers pray to be delivered from their friends.

Mr. Webb apparently believes that the coal trade is a remarkably appropriate field for these hazardous experiments. "Regulation in even detail," he declares, "is necessary" to the miner's existence. Not quite, one might reply; there are some trifling details such as wages, which even Fabian philosophers have not yet proposed to touch. But details like these are the very crux of the situation. Why fret and fume about the working hours and yet leave untouched the wherewithal to live? Why leave the miner to starve on five days doing nothing and protect him from over-exertion on the sixth? Why prohibit his employer from giving nine hours' employment one day and yet allow him to close his pit altogether the next?

One wonders, in truth, whether political theorists on these subjects have ever taken any trouble whatever to master the practical working of the trade with which they propose to deal. It often happens, for example, that for days together collieries are laid completely idle. A fog at sea, a snowstorm on land, impedes either shipping or railways; or trade is bad, and there is no work to be done. Best coals in Northumberland cannot be stacked, because if that were done they spoil, and Royal Commissions have declared, for the safety of life at sea, in favour of fresh-wrought coal. Mr. Sidney Webb calling in the police to restrain honest and industrious men from exceeding an eight hours' working day after they have thus had several whole days of enforced idleness at home is, it is possible, "realising" the blissful "collective freedom" of his singular ideal; but he seems scarcely in so doing an exponent of ordinary English common sense.

Mr. Webb's contention that "Northumberland and Durham will need no coercing," and that "they would simply remain unaffected by the new law," is founded upon a serious misconception of the facts of the case. Irrespective of the hewers, there are thousands of workers underground, including large numbers of grown men and young fellows verging on manhood, for the most part well able to take care of themselves, who would be directly subject to the compulsion of the Act. There are also thousands of men on the surface, whose daily toil is closely dependent upon the work in the pits, and who would also come—indirectly it may be, but very effectually—under its restrictive force. So that altogether it seems quite inaccurate to say that the proposed Bill "will not really coerce any appreciable number of workers in any mine whatever."

But why all this while so unceremoniously thrust aside the owners and managers of mines as so completely unworthy of consideration in the matter? For that, in plain terms, is the whole drift of Mr. Webb's ideas. To "coerce nobody but the mine-owners" is, with him, to coerce nobody at all. Nay, more; the "true inwardness" of his pleasant dream is to "have government by the people for the people," in apparently the naked and narrow-minded selfishness of laws expressly administered for the benefit of the industrial classes alone. The latter cannot, he complains, ever be free men, "if freedom means the power to fix one's own hours of work." As if in a free land, and in the making of a bargain, one could ever expect that the terms would be fixed by one party alone! And yet again, "the Miners' Unions have not yet obtained complete authority over the Marquis of Londonderry." As if it were good either for them or anybody else that they should! These, surely, are not the notions of freedom, "collective" or otherwise, that have hitherto prevailed in English minds and homes, and they are unhappily a fair specimen of the dominant ideas in Mr. Webb's argument for an Eight Hours Bill.

I must in the main leave to others the dissection of the rest of his political ideas. That English workmen are not less independent and self-reliant than of old is a fact that Northern Liberals at least do not need to be told, but other and far more potent causes have, as everybody knows, been at work to that end than Mines Regulation Acts, Factory Acts, and the rest. Education, industrial freedom, political power, and responsibilities, these have been the best social teachers of the masses, hitherto, and the great lesson to be enforced to-day is, as we have been lately well reminded, that of the wise and just use of all. That there is no alternative to a coercive act save that of a similarly coercive strike, and that the latter is within measurable distance even now, are beliefs which those who are best acquainted with the leaders of the industrial world will utterly decline to share. Our own experience in the North of England of boards of arbitration and conciliation, and the deepening desire on both sides in labour disputes to meet each other's views, are in flattest contradiction to Mr. Webb's most demoralising ideas. The Eight Hours system, if come it should, will best come by peaceable, gradual, and voluntary means, and not by an arbitrary law, applicable to all mines, at all times, and under all conditions of trade. Which of the two methods is the better in dealing with a trade that touches most closely the very life and well-being of the nation as a whole is a question that ought not to be so very hard to decide.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, JOHN HAVELOCK.

Newcastle, November 4th, 1890.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

SIR,—With reference to your article of November 1st, on the Land Purchase Bill, it may be pointed out that the only representative rural bodies in Ireland are the Boards of Guardians. Even these are not thoroughly representative, for the ex-officio element is strong in them, but then the ex-officio members usually pay a considerable proportion of the poor rate.

If the Purchase Act were made operative only in those unions where the guardians approved of its being put in force, and where they undertook to levy a limited rate in addition to the ordinary poor rate in repayment of any losses incurred, a much more real, substantial, and well-principled guarantee would be obtained than those which you describe as "gossamer threads."

If the guardians' approval of the Act had to be renewed every year, they could stop the purchase operations whenever they disapproved of the administration, or thought their finances in danger from the liability undertaken.

The danger of landlordism growing up again from subletting is not a very real one, for in an agricultural community, if land is saleable by retail—as it never has been in Ireland—instead of in large blocks, the buyers who want it for use will beat those who want it merely as an investment out of the market. The danger, however, should be met by—1. Nullification of any subtenancy created. 2. Making the sale of a holding, or any part on which the debt to the State was redeemed, easily and quickly effected. This can only be done by enacting simple and effectual registration of title clauses in the Purchase Act.

Letting of land, instead of sale, to those who wanted to use it has been the rule here because it was easy to let; difficult, sometimes impossible, to sell. This arrangement of the law should be reversed, as it is in some European countries, where it is held that large estates in land are a public evil, inimical to both liberty and equality. The example of neighbouring continental countries can't well be made use of further to show that under properly arranged conditions there is no tendency for landlordism to spring up, because of the law of division on death; but I believe there is no tendency towards the landlord and tenant system in America from the agglomeration of land by capitalists; the landlordism that has existed, or still exists, arose, as in Ireland, from that root of much evil, the grant of large estates to individuals; and such grants led to anti-rent agitations as prolonged and far more violent than the agitation in Ireland.

The proper application of the funds provided by Parliament and their non-application to some of the cases mentioned as abuses by Mr. Parnell in his *North American Review* article, should be obtained by clauses excluding not only classes of farms, but classes of persons.

The complaint so often made of large owners, particularly absentees, obtaining an undue proportion of the purchase fund is surely made under some misapprehension, or put forward as a misleading fallacy. It is suggested that in the case of absentees, the money paid to them is so much capital abstracted from Ireland. The tenants of an absentee, with a rental of £10,000, send that amount every year out of Ireland in the shape of produce off their farms, for which they get no return but a rent receipt. The sale of the estate at seventeen times the rent results in the tenant's remittance being reduced to £7,000 a-year, for which they get in return not only rent receipts but the fee simple of the forty-ninth part of their farms. Any economic difference is surely in favour of Ireland and the particular estate.—Your obedient servant, AN IRISHMAN.

November 3rd, 1890.

MODERN CRITICISM AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

SIR,—You are good enough to devote considerable space in THE SPEAKER of November 1st to a review of the "Bampton Lectures of 1890."

I have no wish to comment on my reviewer's statements or opinions. He is responsible for them; I am not. The review is at least quite as appreciative as an obvious *Tendenz-schrift* could be. I am probably no better qualified to form an impartial opinion of my reviewer's work than he is of mine. Nor do I wish to invite attention to the way in which large portions of the work which it does not suit the reviewer's purpose to notice are wholly passed over; or to such trifling inaccuracies as the quoting with inverted commas words which find no place in my book. All this is of the method of (some) reviewers, and must not be taken too seriously.

But when your reviewer makes me responsible for statements which I neither have made nor could have made, and when those statements affect others than myself, both you and he will, I am sure, be glad to afford space for their correction. I will claim as little of that space as possible.

1. "It is, he holds, that the Fourth Gospel was written by John, the son of Zebedee, and that therefore every report in it must be taken as a *verbatim* report, and all its narratives accepted as literal objective records of pure historic fact—in other words, it is genuine; and because genuine, authentic. This is the reviewer's statement. (*See* his first paragraph.) I invite him to justify it. Meanwhile I may refer to the following passages, which may be taken to support the opposite view. They by no means stand alone:—

"The man who believes in this mechanical, verbal inspiration of Holy Scriptures must admit that discoveries in science, and investigations of history, and the whole development of modern criticism, have made his position, to say the least, exceedingly difficult; but he must defend himself. We shall see that his theory is no part of the 'judgment of centuries'—no part of the Church's judgment at all" (pp. 136, 137).

". . . it will, I trust, be admitted that even in this most spiritual gospel, it is the matter—that is to say, the eternal reality, and not the form—that is to say, the temporal expression of the reality; the essence of the truth and not the accident of language, construction, word; the spirit which quickeneth, and not the letter which killeth; — that it is the matter, essence, spirit, not the form, accident, letter, which is inspired. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ; it is the Gospel according to St. John. The treasure is divine; the vessel is earthen. I am making no claim on behalf of this writing, or any other writing of the New Testament, that it is more than the earthen vessel in which the treasure of inspired truth is contained. The 'Word of God' is contained in, but is not identical with, the written or spoken word of even inspired men" (p. 418).

2. In the second paragraph I am made to treat Reuss, Holtzmann, Schürer, and Weizsäcker, as "*quantités négligeables*," and the question, "What is the reputation or the personality of these men?" is practically placed in my lips. The phrase "import rushlights from abroad" is taken from a wholly different connection, and from a lecture in which no one of these names has been mentioned, and is applied to them. I invite the person who thinks this honest criticism to quote any or all the remarks which I have made about these or any other German writers. He will find in the Index of my book full references, which will make his task easy.

Meanwhile, he and you will, I am sure, allow me to quote, as an example—it is a fair average example—of the way in which these writers are treated, the following words, which apply to the first whom he names:—

"Dr. Reuss, until recently professor at Strasburg, who writes now in French and now in German, but who since the annexation of Alsace has become a German citizen, has been for half a century prominently known as an independent member of the Liberal party of the Lutheran Church. His works which relate to the present subject are everywhere marked by great ability, and by a striking combination of reverence and freedom" (p. 253).

3. In the third paragraph, I am made to misrepresent—and the phrase "rushlights from abroad" is, without any justification, again misapplied — Luthardt, Beyschlag, and Weiss. "Simply confusing" is the reviewer's phrase with regard to Luthardt, and as this is the first-named writer, I will again take him as my example. Perhaps Dr. Luthardt himself is a fair judge as to how far I have misrepresented him, and I will therefore venture to quote words written by him which now lie before me:—

"Ich habe nur erst wenige Blicke in Ihr Werk werfen können; mich aber überzeugt von der grossen Sorgfalt und Gelehrsamkeit so wie von dem besonnenen Urtheil mit dem es gearbeitet ist. Für die freundlichen Zeilen welche Sie mir gewidmet haben, sage ich Ihnen speziellen Dank."

4. In the last paragraph I am spoken of as making "generous allusion" to Keim, "while regretfully placing him on the negative side." The effect of this, taken with what has preceded, is that I single out Keim for generous treatment and speak of other foreign writers ungenerously. I invite your reviewer to quote my regretful words about Keim, or to show that I have been

ungenerous to any foreign writer. "Most of them are foreigners" is his remark in the second paragraph. I have before me not a few passages in my book, and not a few sentences written by foreigners who are competent to judge, which seem to me to express the opposite opinion. If you wish I will quote them. But this letter is already too long. I may, however, again refer to the names of such writers in the Index, and to the general remarks in the Preface on p. xiii. H. W. WATKINS.

November 4th, 1890.

SAXON CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

DEAR SIR,—"Not one vestige of the superstructure of a Saxon church remains to us" is the dogmatic assertion of an amusing correspondent to THE SPEAKER (p. 492, Nov. 1st); and with this astoundingly ignorant statement will you suffer your name to be bracketed? "You ought to know as much about architecture as I do," says this audacious "Novelist." What about the Church of St. Lawrence at Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts; the Church of St. Aldhom's, near Swanage—two most perfect specimens of Saxon churches in England, both the work of the same hand, Ealdhelm of Malmesbury?

It will cost the "Novelist" one-tenth of his monthly charity-money to gain admission to the church at Bradford. He can "lighten his darkness" at St. Aldhom's Head, Swanage, by a pleasant word to the coastguardsman in charge; and he can utilise his "Treatise on Habakkuk" by turning to the second chapter of that prophet's book and reading the eleventh verse!—Yours faithfully, M. GUINNESS.

7, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W.
November 3rd.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, Nov. 7th, 1890.

"*CAUSONS*," people say in the French drama, when they are going to tell each other everything which both of them must know perfectly well already. "*Causons*," says the editor to the scribe, who, perhaps, has nothing in particular he wants to chat about, and who, at best, is likely to make remarks only too palpably obvious and familiar. For surely all that need be said on matters literary has been repeated till it is as pleasant fare as a *réchauffé* of yesterday's cabbage. We cannot prize it as Meleager did the yesterday's roses of Heliodora. And that piece of pedantry, fortunately, reminds me of Mr. Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology" (Longmans). Less luckily, I have not my own Tauchnitz copy of the Anthology here, or rather its worn remains, its dog's-eared remnants, with feeble sketches and a number of fly-hooks and abortive bits of rhymed translations in the fly-leaves. We cannot scribble in Mr. Mackail's lordlier volume in that familiar way, and one may repeat a grumble that its form is not among "the dear little dumpy twelves." The Anthology is a book dear to the student who "keeps up his Greek" a little, though he would be plucked in any examination. The good lyrics, the best examples, are not very hard to puzzle out, and one can skip the others. Mr. Mackail supplies a most valuable introduction, telling the long history of the book, and offering judicious (and not gushing) remarks on its merits and beauties. The Greeks, who seldom or never gushed, are too often praised in the effusive manner by their admirers. One or two hints from Mr. Mackail's essay are reflections often overlooked. We speak, for example, of Modern Love as if it were a new thing. The only novelty is, that we make so much of it, put it forth so prominently in drama and romance, as if it were true that "Love is enough"—which, of course, it is not. Homer, as Mr. Mackail remarks, does not dilate on the theme, "but, in the very culminating part of the death-struggle between Achilles and Hector, it is from the whispered talk of lovers that the poet fetches the utmost touch" (can we fetch a touch?) "of beauty and terror, and it is in speaking to the sweetest and noblest of all the women of poetry that Odysseus says the final word that has yet been said of married happiness." This is exactly true; the peculiarity of the Greeks was, not that they honoured love less, but that they honoured other human interests more. Apollonius, in his *Argonautica*, tells the best love-tale told yet; when we come to Meleager and the later poets we find them, I think, too "general courters."

It is with the love-poems that Mr. Mackail's selection opens. He translates into prose, for exactness, he who could render verse so well into verse. Occasionally the prose, I admit, does not satisfy one, and seems neither clear enough nor sweet enough, though there is no such fault to find with this from Strato:—"At evening, at the hour when we say Good-night, Moeris kissed me, I know not whether really or in a dream; for very clearly I now have the rest in mind, all she said, and all that she asked me of; but whether she kissed me too, I doubt and guess; for if it is true, how, after being set in heaven, do I go to and fro upon earth?"

By way of showing how verse translations deal treacherously, I have tried to rhyme the epigram. I cannot "get in" "At evening, at the hour when we say Good-night"—at full length. The question is, may we condense a little; is anything lost in "Moeris kissed me her Good-night"? Perhaps the rest of the rhymes keep the general sense. The problem whether such brief flights of verse do not lose as much in rapidity, from prose, as they lose in closeness of rendering, from verse, must be settled by every reader for himself:—

Moeris kissed me her "Good-night,"
Did I dream it? Did she kiss?
All the rest I know aright,
All she asked and said but *this*:
Did she really kiss me though?
That I doubt, the rest is plain;
Did I win the heavens, who go,
Mortal now, on earth again?

"It is such easy writing," as Captain Shandon said about newspaper controversy, that we may make another trial of verse and prose, in which the prose is conspicuously victorious:—

"A KISS WITHIN THE CUP."
(MELEAGER.)

"I am no winebibber, but if thou wilt make me drunk, taste thou first and bring it to me, and I take it. For if thou wilt touch it with thy lips, no longer is it easy to be sober, or to escape the sweet cup-bearer; for the cup ferries me over a kiss from thee, and tells me of the grace that it had."

Here follows the same in rhyme:—

I love not the wine-cup, but if thou art fain
I should drink deep, then taste it, and bear it to me;
If it touch but thy lips it were hard to refrain,
It were hard from the sweet maid who bears it to flee;
For the cup ferries over thy kisses, and plain
Does it speak of the grace that was given it by thee.

We are bidden to *causer*, and not to *chanter*, and perhaps there is enough of this one-sided Amœbean contest. Let us end with a more than usually successful version in prose from a more than commonly charming little lyric of Meleager's:—

"LOVE IN SPRING."

"Now the white violet blooms, and now the moist narcissus, and bloom the mountain-wandering lilies; and now, dear to her lovers, spring-flower among the flowers, Zenophile, the sweet rose of Persuasion, has burst into bloom. Meadows, why idly laugh in the brightness of your tresses? for my girl is better than garlands sweet to smell."

It must have been rather odd, by the way, to pass a shrine in ancient Greece and see that the pious Antiphilus had hung up his old hat in it, with an elegiac inscription, requesting the public not to steal the singular treasure. A pair of old boots is a

pathetic offering we often mark on the road-side, but there is no dedication *Εἰνοδίῃ*.

Before leaving the "Anthology," and Mr. Mackail's work, less light in hand than we might wish, but excellently scholarlike in notes and apparatus, we may observe one curiosity. There is a well-known old tale of Ronsard's hatred against Rabelais, and how he showed it by an unkind epitaph. The lines have nothing unkind about them, and are only a translation from an epigram in the "Anthology," which does not appear in Mr. Mackail's selection. Rabelais's own philosophy is comprised in that piece of Palladas which Mr. Mackail calls "The Rules of the Game."

"All life is a stage and a game; either learn to play it, laying by seriousness, or bear its pains."

This Life is a play that is played, and this world but a booth in a show;
Cast earnestness off, and play up; or sit down, and be mute with your woe.

The old discussion about an Academy of Literature is being revived; may Fortune give us better things. Jealousies and envyings we have in abundance; they would be multiplied if we had an Academy, and if people wanted to belong to it. The Royal Academy simply embitters the sweet souls of painters; and poets, or novelists, or historians would be no wiser than the artists. There would be intrigues, parties, cliques—perhaps there would be a compact Scotch phalanx in the Academy of Letters. Men who got in would be accused of succeeding by dint of hospitality, and an excellent cook would be a laurel crown to her employer. I have seen names of a preliminary committee mentioned; poor gentlemen! little leisure would they have left for their books and other duties. Besides, they might not happen to be the judges whom one particularly wishes to please; many writers would not care for the Bishop of Jericho's or the learned Mr. Smith's opinion of their work. It is the public we want to have of our party. Then the wearisome old talk of style revives; Style is like the letter H on the sandwich boards—"the public don't want it." They want to be amused and interested, and Mr. Stanley's style suits them as well as Cardinal Newman's. Even the French public was almost proverbially bored by the style of Théophile Gautier. One objection to an Academy is insurmountable—only elderly men would get into it; men who had done their work, and shot their bolt, and were past their best. It is so in painting; so it would be in letters, and this is discouraging. Of Frenchmen we read M. Maupassant, M. Bourget, M. Jules Lemaître, who are not of the Academy, much more than M. Boissier, who is an Immortal. What chance would that young gentleman whose Indian tales we all read have of academic success? Time, and the hurrying years, warn me that I am arguing against my own side, and contrary to the interests of the seniors. But the Muse is always young, and young should be the faithful of the Muse. Let us try an Academy with no bald or grey men in its ranks, with nobody in it over forty. As a matter of fact, an Academy, if normally constituted, would be a very grey and bald set of old fellows, and the outsiders would be the best men in their various fields of work, and would have the public on their side, and the laugh with them. For me (in the extreme case that I were deemed worthy of such a reward), I would spurn a medal, even a gold one, from an Academy. Even at school, medals seemed as undesirable as they were conspicuously out of reach. Literature and literary men are best left alone; no number of crowns and medals will help their cause, and to give them an Academy would only be to sow discord where all is now peace, harmony, and brotherly feeling. Of course, if one were a member of an Academy, and that arch-humbug, the poet Brown, or that over-estimated charlatan, the novelist Smith, came up for election, one would blackball him, and traduce him. It is better not to have the chance.

Would ladies be admitted to the sacred ranks? and if not, why not? Has any man written, for several years, a better novel of modern life, more humorous, pathetic, and exciting to curiosity, than Miss Broughton's "Alas!"? There are exuberancies in this lady's manner: it has "flowery components," but there is a fine sense of natural beauty and of human character. It is hard to know whether one prefers her plain Amelia, or her pretty Elizabeth—a portrait so subtle without being niggled, so "psychological" without being tedious. Our opinions on novels are inscrutable, one man's diversion is another man's tedium; "Alas!" may bore some people, but it would be ungrateful not to confess the entertainment which one has received from Cecilia and Sibylla, and Elizabeth and Byng. Yet one presumes that ladies, however great their merits, would be excluded from the Academy of Letters. And, to tell the truth, this might add to the amenity of that corporation. A charming young lady poet, who came canvassing for votes—who could resist her? especially if her rival were an eminent female specialist of mature age. Even if the electors were fair, nobody would believe in their impartiality.

A. Lang.

REVIEWS.

AN "EMINIST'S" ACCOUNT OF EMIN PASHA.

Emin Pasha and the Rebellion of the Equator: A Story of Nine Months' Experiences in the Last of the Soudan Provinces. By A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, with the Revision and Co-operation of Henry M. Stanley, D.C.L., &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Amid the *Sturm und Drang* of the outpour of literature connected with the Emin Pasha expedition, it is a relief to meet with Mr. Jephson's calm and dignified—let us at once say gentlemanly—narrative of his nine months' stay with Emin. Not that there is any lack of stir and excitement in the book. There is not a dull page in it from beginning to end. It has none of the marks of haste, either in style or temper, which disfigure the narrative of his leader, a narrative which, if it had been delayed till now, would surely have been toned down and polished up, and so been rendered in every way worthy of the undoubted greatness of its author. Mr. Jephson's story, full of incident and dealing with many delicate episodes, leaves no nasty taste in the mouth, and one's chief wish on finishing it is that it were longer. There is very naturally a leaning towards his friend and leader, Mr. Stanley, on the part of the author, but that is easily detected and easily discounted, and one has little difficulty in getting at the real facts and the true character of the too gentle and too considerate Governor of the Equatorial Province.

Mr. Jephson was more fortunate than any of his companions, more fortunate even than his leader. He must now congratulate himself that he volunteered to accompany Emin in April, 1888, in order to convey the messages of the Khedive and of Mr. Stanley to the people who occupied what remained of Emin's province, and who it was supposed were anxious to leave and so escape the tender mercies of the Mahdi. Those who love an exciting story will also be grateful for Mr. Jephson's decision, and even more so those who desire to have a trustworthy account of the actual condition of Equatoria when Emin left. We have all this in Mr. Jephson's volume. He gives us many clear and well-defined pictures of the country and people on the shores of the Albert Nyanza and along the banks of the Nile within a mile or two of Rejaf, Emin's remotest station. We see what a great work has been ruined (let us hope only temporarily) mainly through the inefficiency and oppressiveness of Egyptian rule. The names and form of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker are still cherished in all

the region; they knew how to mingle humane consideration for the natives with stringent discipline, and that is what is wanted if any progress is ever to be made in Africa. The stations founded by Baker and his successor Gordon, and by Emin himself, studded all the Upper Nile. Even when Mr. Jephson was there Wadelai and several others were models of what such stations should be: well-built houses, clean and trim streets, shady squares, strong walls, and deep trenches. For miles around some of them the fields were flourishing with crops of grain and other cultures. All this existed with the Egyptian and Soudanese troops in a state of partly open, partly latent rebellion, and invasion by the Mahdists imminent. One can realise what might be made of the Upper Nile and Lake Region, under an energetic and just administration, under the guidance of such a man as Sir Samuel Baker and, we shall even venture to say, Mr. Stanley The region with which Mr. Jephson's book deals is now admittedly within the sphere of the British East Africa Company; and they may learn from Mr. Jephson what can be made of it, with fair-dealing Englishmen instead of exiled Egyptian criminals and half-civilised Soudanese to look after it.

It says much for Emin Pasha, considering the material he had to work with, that he managed to preserve his province from anarchy so long as he did. Mr. Jephson, like Mr. Stanley, expresses surprise that Emin did not tell the world frankly what was the real state of affairs. The truth is that neither he nor Dr. Junker imagined that there was anything remarkable in the semi-rebellious condition in which Mr. Jephson found the provinces—nor, for the matter of that, would Gordon himself, had he been alive. There was always more or less dissatisfaction among the heterogeneous and half-savage herds with which the Governors of these provinces had to work. It is doubtful even if Emin realised the significance of the rebellion of the 1st Battalion; he was so easy-going, so inclined to smooth things over, so absorbed in his collections, that he probably deceived himself. There was no doubt the news of Mr. Stanley's expedition and the actual presence of Mr. Jephson brought matters to a crisis. The leading rebellious spirits took advantage of these circumstances to poison the minds of all the troops and people. They saw that if they left they would probably not be so well off as they were in a district where they had everything their own way and exercised a reign of terror over the natives. Doubtless they realised that if they settled anywhere else they would have little of their own way, might have to work hard, and be under strict discipline. No wonder, then, that they objected to deportation, and made their Governor and his English friend prisoners. Until this was done, probably Emin did not realise the true position.

When at last Emin did make up his mind to go, it must have been with a feeling of humiliation; and it must be said Mr. Stanley's bearing did not make his position any softer for him. This, with the reproaches of his own people, the exhaustion of body and mind consequent on his thirteen years' troubled residence in a trying climate, the inevitable irritations peculiar to his position, his fears as to the future, are quite enough to account for the unsocial attitude, the sulkiness and acid moods of Emin which Mr. Jephson refers to with regret. Another element of discord and bitterness was added when Emin came within reach of German influences. Then it should be remembered we have never heard Emin's side of the story. But the general impression left upon us after reading Mr. Jephson's narrative is that of an amiable man, with much tenderness in his nature, whose first love is science, but who by force of circumstance found himself in a position in which he could only have been successful had he had under him able and honest lieutenants. As it was, it is evident that Emin's nature did not escape scatheless from his savage surroundings.

Mr. Jephson—the "Eminist" as Mr. Stanley dubbed him—between whom and Emin a genuine and enduring attachment sprang up, caught the infection of his friend's enthusiasm for natural history and anthropology. We have, therefore, many notes on the birds and beasts of the region, and one very instructive chapter on the Baré people, with whom Sir Samuel Baker had so much trouble many years ago.

Mr. Jephson refers to the fact that when Mr. Stanley first reached Lake Albert, there was no sign of Emin, though he knew the expedition was expected. Mr. Jephson cannot understand this; but why did not he ask Emin to explain when he had the chance? We know that just a few days before Stanley's arrival Emin wrote home to Europe, "If Stanley does not come, we perish." It seems evident that there was great risk of this; the Mahdists would certainly have taken one station after another, as in the end they did. Still Emin might easily have escaped with all who cared to accompany him; so that, after all, one doubts if the Relief Expedition was necessary. As a matter of fact, we know now for certain that the Committee who sent it out had other ends in view: we do not blame them, but it is well that this should be clearly understood. It explains Stanley's anxiety, evident from Mr. Jephson's book, that Emin and his people should settle down on the north-east shore of Victoria Nyanza. Even yet one does not quite understand why this project was not carried out, for the people wished it.

Mr. Jephson's interesting and admirably illustrated narrative is suggestive of much more than has been said; it is the indispensable supplement to Mr. Stanley's own narrative. It is happily free from the insinuations, recriminations, and horrors of the other literature of this unique expedition. The quarrels of African explorers would make a volume as curious as that of old Disraeli on the "Quarrels of Authors." Nine-tenths of them may be attributed to climatic insanity; and in this respect the Emin Pasha Expedition was no exception to its predecessors, in which may be included Livingstone's Zambesi expedition, and that of Speke and Grant to Lake Tanganyika.

PÈRE ET FILS.

Correspondence and Speeches of Mr. Peter Rylands, M.P., with a Sketch of his Career. By his Son, L. Gordon Rylands, B.A., Author of "Crime: its Causes and Remedy." Manchester: Abel Heywood & Son.

Mr. Gordon Rylands has published two volumes in honour of his father and of the Fifth Commandment. One is very lively; the other is very dull. One will be read by everybody; the other will be read by nobody. The one contains what other people wrote to Mr. Rylands, and the other what Mr. Rylands said himself. As the work is probably unique, a few words may advantageously, or at least excusably, be devoted to a mere catalogue of its contents. Forty-two pages of the first volume are devoted to a biography of "*Mr.* Peter Rylands, M.P.," as he is called on the title-page by his son. The remaining three hundred and thirty pages are occupied by letters which various people—many of whom are living—addressed to Mr. Rylands from the year 1869 to the year 1886. The second volume, containing four hundred and eight pages of very small type, consists entirely of Mr. Rylands's own speeches, which it is difficult to believe that any human creature will deliberately wade through. They were all made before the Liberal schism of 1885, and abound in familiar sentiments on hackneyed subjects. Mr. Rylands was a worthy and rather commonplace man, who voted with his party till the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, and then left the service of Mr. Gladstone to enter the service of Lord Hartington. He died in February, 1887, before the strength of his new allegiance could be tried by the touchstone of permanent Coercion.

Except one brief and formal note in reply to a

public address, Mr. Gordon Rylands has published none of his father's letters. Those which the father received, and which the son has printed, are a various and entertaining collection. Some are extremely interesting. Others are excessively trivial. Many are personal. One is indecent. Hardly any of them were written with a view to publication, and in regard to some of them it is scarcely conceivable that the writers should have sanctioned their being printed. Yet both Mr. Gordon Rylands and his publishers must, one would suppose, be aware that without such sanction he had no right to print them. Even if the law were otherwise it is not easy to imagine a man of sense and honour putting some of this private correspondence—an entirely one-sided correspondence—before the world. The grossest imputations upon the character of a late Foreign Secretary and a late official of the Foreign Office, among others, are made without a particle of evidence by some of Mr. Rylands's friends. In only one case has the name of a person defamed been concealed, and then the caution seems to have been exercised by the writer of the letter, not by the editor of the volume. The repast is served up without dressing. Only the rarest and briefest annotations explain such points as Mr. Gordon Rylands happens to understand.

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MR. GLADSTONE'S "LANDMARKS OF HOMERIC STUDY."

Landmarks of Homeric Study, together with an Essay on the Points of Contact between the Assyrian Tablets and the Homeric Text. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Gladstone has found time to give the world another book on Homer, a small treatise of 160 duodecimo pages. Many of his old views are repeated and enforced, even those which the advance of Homeric knowledge has rendered almost untenable. The book shows a great knowledge of the Homeric poems and a great love for them; not, however, accompanied by any very great critical insight. The second essay, "Homer as a Nation-maker," has some striking and just observations, though Mr. Gladstone's forms of language require constant re-adjustment to make them acceptable to most modern Homeric scholars. He treats Homer as an observant Greek in the time of Plato might have treated him—as a historical personage, not only poet, but sage, politician, and moralist, consciously adopting and rejecting and inventing religious beliefs and customs with a view to improving the state of Hellas. If we translate "Homer" into "the Epic spirit," or, more personally, into "the authors of the Homeric poems," and mentally substitute a widespread tendency in each case for what Mr. Gladstone makes an individual purpose, this chapter becomes fruitful of interesting ideas. The marks of "Phœnicianism" are instructive; and the theory of Homer's dislike to brutal Asiatic deities is very suggestive. The short Section xxvii., on the foreign influence in Greece, as conceived by Homer, is admirably put, and so are the pages which show the difficulties with which the Achæan religion had to contend to avoid contamination from the degraded religions of Asia Minor. The account of the rudiments of ethics in Homeric society is also good, and that of the rudiments of politics even better, though, like the rest of the book, they are too vague and sketchy to be of much value to a student. It is interesting to hear Mr. Gladstone say:—"So far as I am able to discern, the average Hebrew of the earlier historical books of Scripture falls short of rather than exceeds in moral stature the Achaian Greek;" a sentiment with which we abundantly concur. The points of contact with the Assyrian tablets do not amount to much, except the explanation of the name *Hyperion* as "Son of the Moon," which seems likely to be correct. We need hardly say that Mr. Gladstone's book is very interesting to read, nor that it abounds in theories and points of view which are very startling to the orthodox Homeric student of the new school. It contains several coined words, such as "Homerology," "geotypy," "Phœnicianism," and "theanthropy," all of which, however, have a definite purpose in their formation. The book is rather a summary of Mr. Gladstone's views on some of the main problems of Homeric study than an attempt to prove them or illustrate them in detail.

THOREAU.

The Life of Henry David Thoreau. By H. S. Salt. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1890.

Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau. Selected and Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1890.

When it was announced that Mr. H. S. Salt had a "Life of Thoreau" in the press we were much interested, anticipating not unreasonably that the writer of another biography of the "Poet-Naturalist" should have something fresh to communicate with regard to the life-history of his subject. Thoreau cannot be called a popular author—an author whose very popularity demands a multiplicity of "lives" and "memoirs." His story has already been more or less adequately told by his friends Emerson, Ellery, Channing, and F. B. Sanborn in America, and by H. A. Page (Dr. A. H. Japp) in this country; and it therefore immediately suggested itself that the writer of a new life of Thoreau must have some fresh materials to further interest those already interested in his subject, or he must have hit upon a method of writing the life of an unpopular author in a manner specially calculated to recommend it to the mass of readers. Mr. H. S. Salt has done neither of these things. Probably all that there is to tell of Thoreau's uneventful life has been told; while of his works, and of what manner of man he was, it is scarcely necessary to say much—for there are his works themselves; and we have always held that Thoreau will be more easily and better understood by the extended publication of his work here than by the multiplication of any number of "lives," and expositions of his "aims." Indeed, we have no hesitation in hazarding the suggestion that where Mr. Salt's "Life" will gain one admirer for Thoreau, a book such as the one noticed below will win half a dozen. Such persons as have Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau" ("American Men of Letters Series") already on their shelves, will have but little reason for adding this new volume to their library, while anyone purchasing a life of the Hermit of Walden for the first time would, we think, if given an opportunity of comparing the works beforehand, unhesitatingly purchase the earlier and (for such considerations will creep in) far cheaper one.

Not often, perhaps, has an author been so widely, so persistently, and so ridiculously misunderstood as has Thoreau. Here was a man who not only had an ideal, which is perhaps a sufficiently common phenomenon, but who steadfastly attempted so far as his own life was concerned to live up to that ideal. We hear a great deal said in favour of plain living and high thinking, yet when a man makes that rule the leading article of his creed and acts up to it, hard words are hurled at him—he is a "skulker" (*vide* Robert Louis Stevenson), a "cynic," a "man without a healthy mind" (*vide* James Russell Lowell);

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THE LIFE OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. By H. S. Salt. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1890.

ANTI-SLAVERY AND REFORM PAPERS. By Henry D. Thoreau. Selected and Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1890.

WHEN it was announced that Mr. H. S. Salt had a "Life of Thoreau" in the press we were much interested, anticipating not unreasonably that the writer of another biography of the "Poet-Naturalist" should have something fresh to communicate with regard to the life-history of his subject. Thoreau cannot be called a popular author—an author whose very popularity demands a multiplicity of "lives" and "memoirs." His story has already been more or less adequately told by his friends Emerson, Ellery, Channing, and F. B. Sanborn in America, and by H. A. Page (Dr. A. H. Japp) in this country; and it therefore immediately suggested itself that the writer of a new life of Thoreau must have some fresh materials to further interest those already interested in his subject, or he must have hit upon a method of writing the life of an unpopular author in a manner specially calculated to recommend it to the mass of readers. Mr. H. S. Salt has done neither of these things. Probably all that there is to tell of Thoreau's uneventful life has been told; while of his works, and of what manner of man he was, it is scarcely necessary to say much—for there are his works themselves; and we have always held that Thoreau will be more easily and better understood by the extended publication of his work here than by the multiplication of any number of "lives," and expositions of his "aims." Indeed, we have no hesitation in hazarding the suggestion that where Mr. Salt's "Life" will gain one admirer for Thoreau, a book such as the one noticed below will win half a dozen. Such persons as have Sanborn's "Life of Thoreau" ("American Men of Letters Series") already on their shelves, will have but little reason for adding this new volume to their library, while anyone purchasing a life of the Hermit of Walden for the first time would, we think, if given an opportunity of comparing the works beforehand, unhesitatingly purchase the earlier and (for such considerations will creep in) far cheaper one.

Not often, perhaps, has an author been so widely, so persistently, and so ridiculously misunderstood as has Thoreau. Here was a man who not only had an ideal, which is perhaps a sufficiently common phenomenon, but who steadfastly attempted so far as his own life was concerned to live up to that ideal. We hear a great deal said in favour of plain living and high thinking, yet when a man makes that rule the leading article of his creed and acts up to it, hard words are hurled at him—he is a "skulker" (*vide* Robert Louis Stevenson), a "cynic," a "man without a healthy mind" (*vide* James Russell Lowell);

he is, forsooth, a "stoico-epicurean-adiaphorist" (*vide* Professor Nichol). Such and similar are the expressions levelled at this man—one of the most original geniuses that America has produced—levelled at him, too, by men whose position in the literary world clothes their words with some authority, and whose *obiter dicta* are accepted as final by many persons too lazy to form opinions for themselves.

Mr. Salt, as has been said, gives us little that is new with regard to Thoreau's life and ethical teaching; his book is largely made up of passages from Thoreau's works and letters, and from other letters which throw more or less light on the life and work of Thoreau; though he is an appreciative student of the poet-naturalist, he maintains a fairly judicial attitude, and we welcome his book as we should always welcome any work that tends to set right a sadly mistaken view of any man, such as is that which obtains with regard to Thoreau. Mr. Salt has certainly added to the value of his book by an extremely useful bibliography.

The Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers of Thoreau form one of the latest volumes of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's useful "Social Science Series." The volume contains five papers, on "Civil Disobedience," two upon Captain John Brown, "Paradise (to be) Regained," "Life without Principle," and an introduction by Mr. Salt. Readers who know Thoreau only by such of his writings as "Walden" and "The Week" will meet him here, if not in a new light, at any rate amplifying on practical questions that are but casually touched upon in the books named. The paper on "Civil Disobedience" is mainly an attempt at justifying a man in refusing to support a Government (even to the extent of being imprisoned by it!) whose actions he cannot but condemn. "I think," he says—and surely, well says—"that we should be men first, and subjects afterwards." On hearing of the arrest of Captain John Brown (of Harper's Ferry fame) Thoreau sent round among the inhabitants of Concord saying that he would speak on the subject on the following Sunday. The Abolition Committee intimated that it would be ill-timed and unadvisable. "I did not send to you for advice," he characteristically replied, "but to announce that I am to speak." The result was the "Plea for John Brown," the most eloquent and impassioned of Thoreau's works. The last essay in this volume—that on "Life without Principle"—immediately brings to mind, as indeed does any consideration of Thoreau's life and work, that beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth's:—

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> . . . . . .
> . . . Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
> Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

A POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

Letters to Living Authors. By J. A. Steuart. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

In his well printed and illustrated book, Mr. Steuart criticises no less than seventeen living authors. He has chosen to do so in a series of seventeen letters, each letter purporting to be addressed to the author it criticises. The method cannot be recommended. In many hands it might be rude. The woman who in angry tones bade the eel she was skinning alive to lie still was unreasonable; and to scarify an author as some bitter mocking spirit might be led to do in a letter addressed to him would be to abuse the right of personal communication. We do not want the tone of the "Letters of Junius" introduced into literature.

So far as Mr. Steuart is concerned these remarks are wholly uncalled for. A man less like "Junius" cannot be imagined. He has a temperament we envy. It may not be critical, but, as Tommy Traddles said of female society, it is very delightful. Mr. Steuart actually likes (with one dubious exception) *all* his seventeen authors—every mother's son of them. Only think of it!

The first letter is addressed to Mr. George Meredith, a somewhat difficult author, as some find him. Mr. Steuart dotes on him, and declares Sir Willoughby Patterne to be one of the most magnificent studies in the whole range of literature. He delights in "Diana of the Crossways" and "Rhoda Fleming," but places "Feverel" above them. He wants, so fiery is his enthusiasm, to put everybody through a course of Meredith.

But this lucky man also dotes on Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Robert Buchanan. He declares the "Deemster" of the former gentleman to surpass the "Egoist" as an organic whole. Daniel Mylrea is one of the characters of the century—Walter Scott and Victor Hugo have nothing better, and have never risen to a greater tragic height than Mr. Caine's scene on Tynwald Hill. But Mr. Buchanan is as good; his "God and the Man" is powerful, terrible, fascinating, and contains situations which thrilled Mr. Steuart "to the marrow."

Then there is Mr. Blackmore; what can be better than Mr. Blackmore? His Lorna Doone will compare with any heroine of any novelist living or dead, except, perhaps, some of the heroines of Goethe, and one or two of Mr. Howells'.

Why Mr. Steuart should be so fond of Goethe's heroines we cannot think. We hold De Quincey's opinion about those ladies, but the reference to Mr. Howells was annoying. We had hoped to find Mr. Steuart drawing the line at Mr. Howells. Not he, indeed! He is very fond of Mr. Howells—though he admits limitations. "Grandeur," he tells his correspondent, "is not in your line;" there is not much that is majestic "in your writings." But they are good writings, for all that. So are Mr. Black's. Mr. Black is one of the best of living novelists. He may have written too much, but more than once he has bent all his faculties on a single book. The "Princess of Thule" is a work of real art: so likewise is "Macleod of Dare," the end of which is one of the best pieces of work done by any novelist living or dead.

Then, how good Mr. Hardy is! In some respects Mr. Steuart puts him above Scott. His hand is truer than Scott's.

Count Tolstoi, of course, comes off with flying colours. "War and Peace" is unmatchable; "Anna Karenine" is one of the twenty novels of the world. The Russian ranks with Scott and Goethe, and Hugo and Balzac, and Cervantes and Georges Sand, and consequently with Hall Caine and Buchanan.

Mr. Steuart is also very fond indeed of Mr. J. G. Whittier's poetry, which reminds him of Burns's. He is not equally enthusiastic about Mr. Swinburne's poetry. This is not, he says, "the poetry of Shakespeare, or the poetry of Dante, or even the poetry of Wordsworth. But it is poetry all the same." It is, we suppose, Mr. Swinburne's poetry *simpliciter*.

Mr. Steuart also refers to Mr. Lang's versatility, Mr. Stevenson's humour, Mr. Ruskin's eloquence, Mr. Lowell's wit, all in the same friendly spirit. How unlike the carping of Lord Byron, who hated most people and disliked the rest! The last letter alone is, unless we have misread it, dubious. We are not certain whether Mr. Steuart likes Mark Twain. It is odd if he does not. Why the author of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck' Finn" should be left cooling his heels in the vestibule of Mr. Steuart's affections and not be admitted into the sanctum of his soul where the other sixteen gentlemen sit carousing is hard to think. We hope we are mistaken, and that really Mr. Steuart is as fond of Twain as he is of Tolstoi.

The temper of this book may not be the critical temper. Indeed, it cannot be. To like everybody

must be wrong. But it is an enviable temper. "Where," asked the little boy in the cemetery, "are the bad people buried?" Who, we ask, as we lay down Mr. Steuart's book, are the poor authors, the strained wits? They must be all dead and gone. Competition has killed them. Only the fit survive, and Mr. Steuart is their prophet.

FOUR NOVELS.

1. Lady Hazleton's Confession. By Mrs. J. Kent Spender. Three vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.
2. The Honourable Miss: a Story of an Old-fashioned Town. By L. T. Meade. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
3. Ardis Claverden. By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. 1890.
4. Miss Blake of Monkshalton. By Isabella O. Ford. London: John Murray. 1890.

One of the characters in "Lady Hazleton's Confession," Irma by name, compares on one occasion the difference between the feelings of male and female authors. She does so in the following sentence:—

"It is all very well for a man, the pleasures of writing may outweigh the pains with *him*, but for a woman the pains would not be connected with the making of a book—they would come afterwards—the self-distrust, the publicity, the fear of seeing one's name in print, the absolute trembling at the sight of a review—I have always been convinced that I should shake all over—and if the outside world condemned me, I should feel like a convicted felon—I should be absolutely discouraged—I should have a sense of shame—now your father is positively braced by all this."

These words, we are told, were spoken "with a mock sigh." There is something of mockery, too, about their punctuation and construction. If we are to understand from them that lady novelists are sensitive, and are hurt by unfavourable criticism, we are very sorry. Criticisms which had regard to the sex of an author, and were unjustly kind about any work because the author was a lady, would cease to have any value in the eyes of the public, or authors, or editors. We apologise, but we must speak plainly. The sentence which we have quoted was not spoken in delirium, or on a death-bed, or in any moment of deep emotion; it has no excuse for the torrent of dashes and the defiance of grammar. We cannot believe that Irma is made to speak thus in order to appear ridiculous; we have every reason to believe that the author considers Irma to be rather admirable. This is not the only fault in the book. The story is tedious and prolix; it does not contain sufficient material for three volumes. The construction is inartistic. The characters are false, crudely drawn, unlike life. The dialogue is the dialogue that never was, on sea or land. The author's style, like the bad monarchs in the child's history primer, is weak and ambitious. The utmost that can be said for the book is that, although the taste shown by it is often questionable, we do not think it is guilty of deliberately bad intention.

In "The Honourable Miss" we certainly think that Mrs. Meade is seen almost at her best. The scene of the story is an old-fashioned town, Northbury. The social life of Northbury is, on the whole, painted with force and humour; there is, however, a tendency at times to overdo the satire, to turn portraiture into caricature—comedy into farce. It is really a pity that the vulgarity of the vulgar people should be so much exaggerated; for there is every evidence here that Mrs. Meade can observe closely and accurately, and make excellent use of her observation. Much of her description is very amusing, and her satire is never spiteful: she depicts the envy, hatred, and malice of society in Northbury with perfect good-temper and geniality. The story itself is not wildly probable, nor remarkably original; we put up with the mysterious drug, the stolen document, and the wonderful coincidence, because we are used to them, and because Christmas is drawing near. The heroine is noticeable, however; she does not either marry, or die, or enter a sisterhood, or become an Agnostic; and yet she is a very interesting heroine. On the whole this is a pleasant book—much above the level of another work by the same author which we noticed a few weeks ago.

One is tempted to criticise "Ardis Claverden" at inordinate length, and with an unfair amount of quotation. Mr. Stockton's methods are so distinctly original that it is almost impossible to do them justice in the few words of praise or condemnation which one gives to an author who has followed, successfully or unsuccessfully, the beaten track. And, again, there are so many good things in the book, that a reviewer feels very much inclined to make some of them lend their attraction to his review. But there are so many of them. There are scraps of dialogue between Surrey and Prouter, an enthusiastic young Englishman, which would be very amusing to quote; the final device by which Mrs. Chiverley sold her husband's pictures is too good to omit; one scene between old Dr. Lester and the heroine is so pretty and pathetic that it could not be passed over; nor could one pass over many powerful and dramatic passages, notably one horrible chapter, the fiftieth. We shall quote nothing, because there is so much to quote, and consequently choice is difficult; and also because, as Mr. Stockton happens to be an artist, almost any quoted passage would lose something by being deprived of its context and position. But we may say a word or two of Mr. Stockton's methods. He has no contempt for the ordinary reader and the tastes of the ordinary reader. The ordinary reader wishes to laugh; Mr. Stockton can make him laugh. He wishes to shudder; he reads in "Ardis Claverden" of a fight in the darkness of a cavern with an unknown antagonist, and he reads that horrible fiftieth chapter. He likes that which is romantic, and he will find himself fully satisfied by the love-story of the heroine of this book. Mr. Stockton pleases the ordinary reader, but he will also please the most fastidious critic. Few novelists are better able to conceal their art; there is nothing forced, no sign of effort, in any page of "Ardis Claverden." Not only does Mr. Stockton avoid trite and conventional expressions, but he shows a fine audacity of his own; he is not afraid of the language in which he writes, or of the characters of his book. He knows both intimately; his treatment of both is bold and successful. The action of the characters never seems to be prompted or even limited by the requirements of the plot of the story. His people act naturally, and the result happens to be a very interesting book. Throughout the whole of it there is a charm which almost defies analysis, a power of subtle appreciation which the author's good feeling directs only upon what is beautiful and worthy, and which consequently never becomes morbid and displeasing. "Ardis Claverden" is an exceptionally good novel. No lover of fiction should fail to read it.

"Miss Blake of Monkshalton" is a short, simple story of little more than two hundred pages. It can hardly be said to have a plot. But it is good work. It is interesting and pathetic; as a study of character it is accurate, distinct, and forcible. It is the story of a girl brought up by her two aunts with a good deal of unkind kindness. Of these, the younger aunt is in sympathy with her niece, but in subjection to her strong-minded sister. The latter feeds her niece well, clothes her well, and has her well taught; at the same time she stifles all her inclinations towards freedom and joyousness; loves her, and yet fails to make her happy; finds fault continually, and always with the intention of doing her good, and binds her down with senseless rules and restrictions. At last the niece is driven to rebellion; and the result of the rebellion is the tragedy which closes the story.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Not before time, a new edition of Petit's "Architectural Studies in France" has appeared, with the fine illustrations of the cathedrals and more important churches, which helped to render the book popular when it was first published thirty-six years ago. There is truth in the assertion that a satisfactory account of mediæval architecture has yet to be written. Meanwhile, this scholarly and painstaking book appeals alike to the artist and the antiquary, and abounds in valuable information gathered by its author during his visits to upwards of three hundred French churches. The object which Mr. Petit set himself was to study chiefly, if not exclusively, the styles which preceded the development of Gothic architecture in the thirteenth century, and though his descriptions are at times somewhat meagre, the book is marked by judgment and ability. In spite, therefore, of all that has been written since 1854 on ecclesiastical art and architecture, the work is by no means obsolete, and in its present revised form we have no doubt that it will prove of service to a new generation of students.

The movement for granting certificates of efficiency to lads intended for commercial life has not as yet advanced very far, but its progress is certain to be accelerated, if handy and reliable manuals like "The Golden Gates of Trade" and "Map Studies of the Mercantile World" find their way at all readily into the hands of the interested classes. In the first of these volumes Dr. Yeats, Examiner in Commercial Geography and History to the Society of Arts, deals in a practical and lucid manner with a wide array of facts and statistics relating to trade and industry throughout the globe, and contrives to illustrate the central truths of political economy by an analysis and description of the chief branches; first, of our home industries, and then of the rest of the world. In the companion volume Dr. Yeats draws attention to the natural trade area of each nation in succession; points out its physical conditions and economic resources, and describes the nature of its mineral and other wealth and the centres of its industrial life. Both of these manuals are philosophic in conception and practical in method, and are, moreover, packed with skilfully arranged facts bearing directly on the elucidation of what Dr. Yeats justly terms the science of commerce.

"The Doyle Fairy Book" consists of about thirty quaint legends and stories, translated from various languages by Mr. Montalba, and as many full-page illustrations by that gentle satirist and graceful draughtsman who helped to keep *Punch* in touch with popular sympathies, as well as to render it lively, in the memorable years when Mark Lemon filled the editorial chair. Richard Doyle was the second son of that brilliant political caricaturist "H. B.," and it was under his father's training that he first won distinction as an artist. He was only nineteen when he joined the staff of *Punch*, and in its pages his humour and skill found ample scope. He was not less successful as a book-illustrator, and Thackeray and Dickens both availed themselves of his graceful pencil. Doyle always displayed great sympathy with children, and some of his best work was done for their entertainment. He seemed, indeed, quite at home in the society of elves and ogres, and lavished his fun and fancy in droll illustrations of their cunning and prowess. In this book, many characteristic examples of the art of "Dicky Doyle" will be found, and they show how completely the kindly humorist understood the frolicsome inhabitants of fairyland, and other "little people," who, all the world over, are fascinated by their revels.

The biography of "Joseph Sturge," by the late Henry Richard, M.P., if not a forgotten book is one which is inaccessible to many, and has, moreover, long been out of print. The sturdy consistency and large-hearted, but not indiscriminate, benevolence of the Quaker philanthropist of Birmingham, whose death in the spring of 1859 called forth from Whittier one of the most beautiful of his shorter poems, deserves to be remembered by the new generation. There was nothing limp or colourless about the Quakers of the school of Joseph Sturge. They had not merely convictions, but the courage of them, and in a sense which is not too common now, either within or without the "Society," they were valiant for what they regarded as the truth. For this reason, if for no other, Miss Peckover's brief sketch of one of the most revered members of her own communion deserves to be widely read. The little book is not written with conspicuous literary art, but the accent of sincerity runs through it, and the very simplicity of the record helps to throw into bold relief the enlightened and beneficent deeds of a man who believed that religion consisted quite as much in lifting up as in looking up.

"Electricity in the Service of Man" has made a new departure this week in the opening of the new City and South London Railway—the first electric railway in the United Kingdom. In a handsome and well-illustrated volume of nearly nine hundred pages, with the above title, four well-known experts have compiled a popular and practical treatise on the principles of electrical science, and the application of what may still be termed a new force to the needs of modern life. The authors of this valuable and suggestive compendium declare, with a pardonable touch of exaggeration, that nearly all the triumphs of science mentioned in Macaulay's eulogium of the philosophy of Bacon may be claimed for electricity. It certainly has "lighted up the night with the splendour of the day;" it has also "annihilated distance;" and it has likewise "facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, and all despatch of business;" and this book shows that it has invaded almost every field of human activity, and to a quite notable extent augmented the resources of civilisation. The book is written clearly from adequate knowledge, and with constant reference to practical affairs.

We have received a volume of "Ordination Addresses" by the late Bishop of Durham, and a new edition of "Three Counsels of the Divine Master" by Dr. Goulburn, formerly Dean of Norwich. In both of these books the same elevation of spirit, breadth of sympathy, and noble view of life prevails; indeed, Dr. Lightfoot's addresses *ad clerum*, and Dr. Goulburn's exposition of the duties and privileges of the spiritual life, are alike distinguished by winning persuasiveness, moral fervour, and a keen appreciation of the subtle perils which beset the religious life of to-day. Speaking broadly, the Bishop lays greatest stress on the necessity of making every department of contemporary thought, science, and art contribute to the work of the ministry, whilst the Dean, though not oblivious of the higher culture of the period, urges, with no less vigour and beauty of expression, the supreme need of replenishing the forces of the inner life—beset by the bustle and countless distractions of the world—by seasons of quiet meditation.

It is a far cry to the days of the Regency when James and Horace Smith took the town by storm at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in 1812, with their inimitable "Rejected Addresses." These clever parodies of Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, and other poets of the period, were scribbled off in six weeks, and ran into sixteen editions in the space of seven years. Byron was one of the first to recognise the merit of the audacious pasquinade, and Charles Mathews paid Horace Smith the compliment of saying that he was the only man in London who could write good nonsense. This dainty Aldine edition of the "Rejected Addresses" is edited by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who has written a genial introduction and added some welcome notes. The little book is tastefully bound, as well as choicely printed, and has for frontispiece a characteristic portrait of the authors.

A new edition—the fourth by the way—of Miss Tytler's pleasant volume of descriptive sketches, "Footprints—Nature seen on its Human Side," has just reached us. The scope of the book is tolerably well indicated by its title, though that of course does not give any hint of the historical and literary allusions which are gracefully interwoven with these attractive transcripts from nature. Miss Tytler evidently believes with Quarles that he that "loves nature and can retire into a lonely nook for a purer enjoyment than the gayest society can afford him, has a fountain of restorative energy within himself such as no outward misfortune can wholly quench or disturb."

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* Architectural Studies in France. By the Rev. J. L. Petit, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. New edition. Revised by Edward Bell, M.A., F.S.A. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. Royal 8vo.

The Golden Gates of Trade with our Home Industries. By John Yeats, LL.D., F.G.S. Maps. London: George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

Map Studies of the Mercantile World. By John Yeats, LL.D., F.G.S. London: George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street. Crown 8vo. (4s. 6d.)

The Doyle Fairy Book. By Anthony R. Montalba. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. London: Dean & Son, 160a, Fleet Street, E.C. Crown 8vo.

Life of Joseph Sturge. By Alexandrina Peckover. Portrait. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

Electricity in the Service of Man. From the German of Dr. A. Ritter von Urbanitzky. Edited by R. Wormell, D.Sc., M.A., and revised by R. Mullineux Walmsley, D.Sc. Illustrated. Cassell & Co.: London, Paris & Melbourne. Royal 8vo. (9s.)

Ordination Addresses and Counsels to Clergy. By the late Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Macmillan & Co.: London & New York. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

Three Counsels of the Divine Master. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. Second Edition. London: John Murray. Crown 8vo. (12s.)

Rejected Addresses. By Horace and James Smith. Edited by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. Aldine Edition. London: Pickering & Chatto. 12mo.

Footprints—Nature seen on its Human Side. By Sarah Tytler. Illustrated. Fourth edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo.

NOTICE.

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